

FIFTY CENTS *

AUGUST 29, 1969

SHAKING UP THE PENTAGON

TIME



DEFENSE
SECRETARY
LAIRD



Conglomerate, like naked, is not a dirty word.

But guilt by accusation or association is a dangerous game.
Dangerous and often destructive.

The Signal Companies has been called a "conglomerate."

If "conglomerate" implies a profit-mad monster who gobbles up unsuspecting companies by means of underhanded tender offers, we do not qualify.

If "conglomerate" means a group of companies, all profitable, all autonomous, and all active in such diversified fields as aerospace, truck manufacturing, oil, leisure-time, broadcasting, real estate development, banking and investment management, that's us.

And we're proud of it.

The main trouble with the word "conglomerate" is that it has been used to infer something ominous and evil.

We suggest that in "conglomerates," as in nudity, the evil often exists only in the eyes of the beholder.

The Signal Companies
are all doing well, thank you.



TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, August 27

YOUR DOLLAR'S WORTH (NET, 9-10 p.m.).* "Prescription Drugs: Prices and Perils." Starting with one of the drug industry's most painful and enduring scandals, the sale of thalidomide, this program moves on to discuss contraceptives, fertility drugs, new products and current testing and marketing standards for drugs. Repeat.

Thursday, August 28

THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11 p.m.). Bette Davis stars in *The Nanny* (1965), a thriller-chiller about—you guessed it—a nanny and her ten-year-old charge. Something for everyone: death, suspense, generation-gap intrigue.

Friday, August 29

THE HIGH CHAPARRAL (NBC, 7-30:30 p.m.). A camel? In High Chaparral, you guessed it. A sweet-talking Irish cavalry trooper, played by Frank Gorshin, sells the four-footed version of the Brooklyn Bridge to Uncle Buck, claiming the animal is expert at cattle herding. Uncle Buck buys both the story and the camel—hoof, line and stinker. Repeat.

Sunday, August 31

MEET THE PRESS (NBC, 12:30-1:30 p.m.). This gathering of State Governors for the annual conference held in Colorado Springs features Democrats Buford Ellington (Tenn.), Richard Hughes (N.J.), John McKeithen (La.) and Republicans John Love (Colo.), Nelson Rockefeller (N.Y.) and Richard Ogilvie (Ill.).

THE 21ST CENTURY (CBS, 6-30:30 p.m.). In a program that could be Ralph Nader's favorite, Walter Cronkite leads a probe into methods of designing safer cars and highways, plans to improve driver competence and then moves headlong into the problem of traffic congestion.

SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 8-10:45 p.m.). Sizzling action for a hot summer's night: *Zulu* (1964), the story of eight British officers (including Stanley Baker and Michael Caine), 97 men, one minister (Jack Hawkins) and the minister's daughter (Ulla Jacobsson) v. 4,000 assorted Zulu warriors. Eleven Victoria Crosses were earned in the original battle of Rorke's Drift in 1879.

Tuesday, September 2

FIRST TUESDAY (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). This segment of NBC's magazine-format show features a profile of big-game conservationist Patrick Hemingway, Ernest's son; an attempt to answer the question of What-ever Happened to Carroll Baker; plus looks at sky-diving, computer dating and other features.

CINEMA

RUN WILD, RUN FREE. The trouble with most matinee movies is that they often seem made by children rather than for them. *Run Wild* is a happy exception, a fondly and meticulously rendered parable about an autistic English boy (Mark Lester) and an almost magical white colt.

THE WILD BUNCH. The blood runs thick and often in Sam Peckinpah's raucous, magnificent western about a band of free-boot-

ing bandits operating on both sides of the Tex-Mex border around the turn of the century. The action is plentiful, the performances faultless, and the film itself one of the best of the year.

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY. The journey of Apollo 11 has lent a new immediacy to Stanley Kubrick's visionary film of an expedition to Jupiter that assumes staggering metaphysical consequences. Kubrick is among the greatest of American film makers, and *2001* may well stand as his best film.

EASY RIDER. Dennis Hopper and Peter Fonda cruise around the country on their choppers looking for the meaning of it all. If the self-pity becomes rather too heavy at times, Hopper (who also directed) has captured some telling bits of Americana on film and extracted a performance from Jack Nicholson that is a model of intuition and sensitivity.

TRUE GRIT. John Wayne, at 62, has the time of his long career in this cornball western comedy about a stubborn old marshal (Wayne) who joins forces with a headstrong teen-age girl (Kim Darby) to bring some murderers to justice. The Duke's performance proves that his nickname has never been more apt.

MIDNIGHT COWBOY. A slick package about being lonely and loveless in New York is directed by John Schlesinger in fashion-magazine style, but the acting of Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight gives the film a sense of poignancy and reality.

MARRY ME, MARRY ME. Claude Berri (*The Two of Us*) wrote and directed this wifely comedy about the trials of courtship in a French Jewish family.

LAUGHTER IN THE DARK. Nicol Williamson plays a heartless member of the English aristocracy yearning for the love of a movie usherette (Anna Karina) in this skillful adaptation of Vladimir Nabokov's novel.

THE DEVIL BY THE TAIL. Another slight and savage comedy by Philippe de Broca, *Devil* follows a Gallic seducer (Yves Montand) on his rounds. Montand could well become the new Bogart if he weren't already so good as the old Montand.

BOOKS

Best Reading

COLLECTED ESSAYS, by Graham Greene. In retrospective notes and criticism, the prolific novelist drives home the same obsessive point: "Human nature is not black and white but black and grey."

PAIRING OFF, by Julian Moynahan. The book masquerades as a novel but is more like having a nonstop non sequitur Irish storyteller around—which may on occasion be more welcome than well-made fiction.

SIAM MIAMI, by Morris Renek. The trials of a pretty pop singer who tries to sell herself and save herself at the same time. Astonishingly, she manages both.

THE YEAR OF THE WHALE, by Victor B. Scheffer. The most awesome of mammals has been left alone by literary men almost since *Moby Dick*. Now Dr. Scheffer, a scientist working for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, writes of the whale's life cycle with a mixture of fact and feeling that invokes Melville's memory.

ALLEN GINSBERG IN AMERICA, by Jane Kramer. Earnest, articulate and somehow deviously sanguine, Allen Ginsberg has evaporated from a minor poet to a major

cult figure—a kind of one-man air ferry between bohemian and Brahmin traditions. Wisely, perhaps, Author Kramer concentrates on the life rather than the works.

MEMOIRS OF A REVOLUTIONIST, by Peter Kropotkin. The absorbing autobiography of a 19th-century Russian prince turned anarchist who paid for his ideals in stretches of penury and imprisonment.

THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT 1968, by Theodore H. White. White is just as diligent as he was when recounting the victories of John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson. But this time his protagonist lacks the flamboyance to fire up White's romantic mind, and as a result a slight pall hangs over much of the book.

H. G. WELLS: HIS TURBULENT LIFE AND TIMES, by Lovat Dickson. Wells sold the masses on the future and the Utopia that science would bring, but Dickson shows that inside the complacent optimist a pessimist was signaling wildly to get out.

ISAAC BABEL: YOU MUST KNOW EVERYTHING, edited by Nathalie Babel. Newly translated short stories, abrupt prose exercises and journalistic sketches demonstrate the individuality that was both Babel's genius and his death warrant.

THE FOUR-GATED CITY, by Doris Lessing. In the final novel of her *Children of Violence* series, the author takes Heroine Martha Quest from World War II to the present. Then the meticulous, disturbing book proceeds into the future to demonstrate the author's extensory conviction that global disaster is at hand.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Love Machine*, Susan (1 last week)
2. *The Godfather*, Puzo (3)
3. *Portnoy's Complaint*, Roth (4)
4. *The Andromeda Strain*, Crichton (2)
5. *The Pretenders*, Davis (5)
6. *Ado*, Nabokov (6)
7. *The Goodbye Look*, Macdonald (7)
8. *The Death Committee*, Gordon
9. *Except for Me and Thee*, West (9)
10. *Slaughterhouse-Five*, Vonnegut (10)

NONFICTION

1. *The Paper Principle*, Peter and Hull (1)
2. *The Making of the President '68*, White (3)
3. *The Kingdom and the Power*, Talea (2)
4. *Between Parent and Teenager*, Ginott (5)
5. *Jennie*, Martin (6)
6. *An Unfinished Woman*, Hellman (4)
7. *The 900 Days*, Salisbury (8)
8. *Ernest Hemingway*, Baker (10)
9. *My Turn at Bat*, Williams
10. *The Money Game*, 'Adam Smith' (7)

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* All times E.D.T.



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After 30 Volkswagens, Father Bittman still believes.

In the beginning, Father Aloysius Bittman bought a bug.

That was in 1957 when he joined the staff of St. Anthony's Indian Mission in Mandaree, North Dakota.

Since then, Father Bittman has gone a long way. In 30 Volkswagens.

Owning two or three at a time, the Bittman staff travels 600 miles per week

in each. Over dirt and gravel roads and in temperatures that have been known to go to 55 below.

A couple of Volkswagens ago, Father Bittman's '65 broke through the Garrison Reservoir ice.

"It was a good time for praying," he said.

Luckily, one 255 pound priest and one

1808 pound bug floated to safety. After the ice was chopped away and a quick oil change, the good father and his faithful companion were on their way.

He was a bit peeved about the oil change though.

"It set the Mission back \$1.80," complained Father Aloysius Bittman.



LETTERS

The Moon and the Middle Brows

Sir: Oh, thank you, TIME, for your faint praise
Of us humble squares and our quaint little ways.
We "pay our taxes, turn the wheels,"
And usually end up portrayed as heels.
Your praise, O TIME, comes none too soon.
Because we bourgeoisie have reached the moon.
Revelled by the right, scorned by the left,
We've been feeling more than a little bereft.
Could be that we're kin to the prophet of old—
Not without honor, save in his own country, we're told.
Should strong backbones and middle brows some day elapse
Could it be the great country might simply collapse?
Perhaps!

(Mrs.) VIRGINIA HACKLEMAN
Connersville, Ind.

Sir: I am sick and tired of hearing the often-used line "Now that we've conquered the moon, let's conquer poverty here on earth." In the short eleven years of its existence, the space program has become the biggest scapegoat in history. Why wasn't poverty conquered before the space program came into being? We have the necessary resources in the U.S. to ensure that everyone is eating regularly, without slowing or abandoning the space program. To stop now would make as much sense as Columbus discovering America and then returning to Europe forgetting his discovery completely. Let's give Apollo 11, without reservations of any kind, the credit it deserves for what it is: mankind's greatest achievement.

(SGT.) STEVE REED

U.S.A.F.
A.P.O. San Francisco

Sir: Before super-sophisticated writers start carping about Mr. Nixon's state dinner in Los Angeles honoring the astronauts, may a humble and grateful citizen say, "Thank you, Mr. President." Thank you for your boyish pride, your genuine affection for three gallant men, and most of all thank you for sharing it with me. I had a wonderful time. Where else could you see the Ambassador of Sweden, Rudy Vallee and an astronaut sit down together?

RITA C. McMANN

Monrovia, Calif.

Watery Wastes

Sir: In early June, 1968, I was on one of the five destroyers that made up the surface force during the search-and-rescue operation for the U.S.S. *Scorpion*. Our mission was to search for debris along a track from Norfolk to the Azores. As a result, I cannot help but wholeheartedly agree with Thor Heyerdahl's observations about polluting the oceans [Aug. 15]. I will say further that if the *Scorpion* did go down along this route, her floats and jetsam would undoubtedly have been lost amid the garbage that we sighted.

JOHN K. HOBBS
Lieutenant, U.S.N.

F.P.O. New York

Sir: A simple solution to the water-pollution problem would be the levying of fines by state governments against municipalities and industries that pollute bodies of water. These fines would be, say, 10¢ or more per gallon per day of waste discharge. This would mean industries paying out tens of thousands of dollars per day and rising tax rates in cities that persist in fouling rivers and lakes.

It would serve the purpose of making pollution hurt and raise the necessary money for construction of adequate treatment facilities. Simply a "pay as you go" plan.

K. D. WEITERER

San Diego

Sir: Your new Environment section is as welcome as a breath of fresh air used to be.

LISA LOCKEN

Minneapolis

Kilroy Was There

Sir: As I read your speculative comment on the planet Mars, "A Fearful Omen in the Sky" [Aug. 8], I became increasingly suspicious of what we may find when we do reach that frontier.

Perhaps Mars, farther from the sun, cooled earlier than earth and formed life sooner. Its life evolved, perhaps created an advanced civilization. Then, lacking modern earthman's foresight in conservation matters, Martian life used up its fresh water, polluted the rest, filled the atmosphere with carbon dioxide—its own waste—and died like any overpopulated bacterial colony, leaving only traces of methane and ammonia—and perhaps canals?—to indicate that life had been there.

JEAN M. MOSELEY

Santa Barbara, Calif.

Thoughts About Choppaquiddick

Sir: I am deeply grieved and appalled at the circumstances surrounding the death of Mary Jo Kopechne. Grieved because this young woman might have been struggling for interminable moments, perhaps minutes, possibly hours, trapped and alone. Appalled because the man responsible for her eventual death was first concerned with his threatened political future, aided and abetted by two other men who became his accomplices in the abandonment of a woman in desperate danger.

(Mrs.) JEANNETTE A. SLACK
Lookout Mountain, Tenn.

Sir: A pox on these letters and articles implying that Edward Kennedy lost his head, hence is not responsible enough for high-government position. As one who easily loses his head, I am an authority. Had I been in Kennedy's shoes and found I could not extricate my woman companion, I would have run to the nearest of the two houses, yelling like a maniac for the cops, fire department, Coast Guard—anything, anyone to retrieve the girl. Only later would my senses have returned and my thoughts turned to a political career probably by then irretrievably ruined.

But E. K. remained cool under fire. Isn't such crafty hard-headedness just what is needed on a national decision?

ELA SALGUDJIAN

Tempe, Ariz.

Sir: Never have I witnessed such unity of opinion among the informed and uninformed—people who have acted as prosecutor, judge, witness and jury. The verdict: guilty as charged, and a bit more so. Nearly all of these people say, "If he had been a poor man, etc." This little remark perhaps unconsciously reveals the real crime Kennedy is believed to be guilty of.

SHELTON FARRAR

Shreveport, La.

Sir: For weeks, the mass media have been regaling us with accounts of what a terrible blow Kennedy suffered in the death of Mary Jo Kopechne.

But the ultimate in misplaced sympathy came with TIME's article on how bravely Rose Kennedy is bearing up under her "latest travail." Will you please explain to me just what loss Rose Kennedy suffered in the death of Mary Jo Kopechne?

GLORIA WOHL

Brooklyn

Sir: It is incredible that as astute as Kennedy is supposed to be, he doesn't realize that his silence is his loudest accuser and, with so many people in on the secret, either conspiracy or cupidity will force the complete story into the open.

DONALD C. SKONE-PALMER
Van Nuys, Calif.

Something Else to Investigate

Sir: Finally an article on the medical profession telling it like it is. I can guarantee that Dr. Polansky [Aug. 15] and thousands of other M.D.s worked 78 hours a week long before Medicaid, many of those hours without any fee at all.

The American people might find it interesting that in 1968, approximately 10,000 interns worked 90-hour weeks for \$80 a week. I wonder when the Senate Finance Committee will investigate that.

LAWRENCE M. PERTCHECK, M.D.
Cleveland

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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Karen, 12; Kim, 14; Mrs. Reszel; Mr. Reszel; Jim, 15; Linda, 17.

Can Mrs. Reszel's new Maytag Dishwasher equal the record of her other Maytags?

"Wouldn't that be something?" she writes.

*"My Maytag Clothes Washer and Dryer have put in
11 hard years, with just a couple of little repairs apiece."*

The way the dishes pile up at her house, Mrs. Beth Reszel of Milan, Tennessee, figures it's a good thing she has a dependable Maytag Dishwasher.

"We need a rugged machine," she says. "And we've got one, if my new Maytag Dishwasher is anything like my Maytag Washer and Dryer."

One thing Mrs. Reszel really likes—her Maytag gets dishes cleaner without pre-rinsing. That's because Maytag's exclusive Micro-Mesh™ Filter keeps the water cleaner through the whole cycle. And only Maytag has a full-size spray arm *on top*, as well as one below. More water action, from more sides, means more cleaning power!

Mrs. Reszel also appreciates her Maytag's huge

capacity. It can do dinner dishes for a big family in one load. (If you have a small family, that means you only have to wash dishes once a day.)

Find your Maytag Dealer in the Yellow Pages and go see the Maytag Dishwashers. Both the built-in and the portable come in a variety of contemporary colors. The built-in also comes in stainless steel and with a Trim Kit that lets you decorate the front panel with your own fabric, wallpaper, or paneling.



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King Ramses II did things on a grand scale; here his 67-foot effigy looks over the Nile.



The trim lines of the ancients' sailboat—the felucca—are untouched by time.



Horse-drawn chariots made up the army's front line.

Let TIME-LIFE BOOKS take you beyond the rigid death masks, the somber tombs, the unsmiling portraits that Ancient Egypt presents to history. Meet the Egyptians as they really were at the height of their splendor: a gay, romantic people who glorified death only because they viewed it as a happy continuance of life.

Start with *The Great Pyramid at Gizeh*, built of stone blocks weighing up to 15 tons apiece, fitted together as precisely as a necklace clasp. Learn how workmen sealed it off so effectively (from the *inside*) it took looters 400 years to gain entrance. Gaze at the statue of Queen Nefertiti (whose name means "the beautiful one is come"), and see the 3,000 year old mummified head of Ramses II. Now in a Cairo museum, Ramses arrived there after suffering the indignity of being taxed as dried fish by a befuddled customs inspector.

The lively people who built monuments to death

The Egyptians wrote lyric poetry to lost loves; their doctors prescribed castor oil and used sutures; they endured history's first recorded labor strike, worked out the beginnings of geometry—but had trouble with fractions. Their women used hair curlers, tweezers, and eye-shadow, and workers were allowed "sick leave." (There is even one recorded case of a man excused from work because his wife had beaten him up.)

To the Greeks of 2,000 years ago, Egypt was "ancient." Blessed with a unique genius for organization, the Egyptians formed the world's first united nation more than 3,000 years before Christ—and sustained it for an astonishing 27 centuries. In *Ancient Egypt*, Lionel Casson, Professor of Classics at New York University, gives you an intimate.

authoritative view of a people who in some respects fell short of greatness—but whose span of accomplishment has few rivals in human history.

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Archaeologist Howard Carter spent 6 years digging for Tutankhamen's tomb.

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and the culture that built them



This wooden bust of Tutankhamen was once dressed in rare gems.

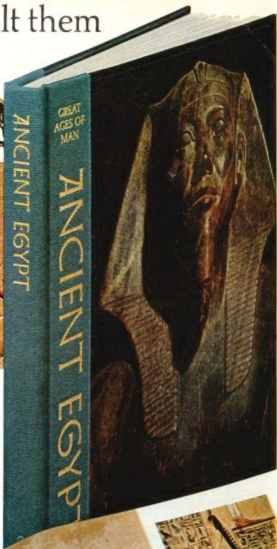


Graceful symbols form hieroglyphic art.

A ship of the dead accompanied the mummy for travel after death.



A servant's role included such niceties as adjusting a guest's earring.



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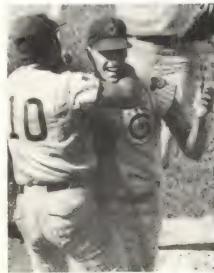
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From grave concerns to private delights.

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

August 29, 1969 Vol. 94, No. 9

THE NATION

CULTIVATING THE AMERICAN GARDEN

FOR a rare moment, most of the U.S. seemed to be soothed and quiet. Except for the death and destruction wrought by Hurricane Camille, as summer drew to an end the nation basked in unwonted and unfamiliar calm. In California, President Nixon golfed and tended to minor matters of state with equal equanimity. The nation found solace in the reassuring trivia of routine. President and people took their cue from one another: each appeared to turn aside from grave national concerns to private delights of leisure. While it was scarcely the best of all possible worlds that Voltaire's caricature philosopher Pangloss envisioned, Americans were heeding Candide's advice: "We must cultivate our gardens."

U.S. campuses were largely empty for the summer, and the questing young—more than 400,000 strong—gathered in upstate New York for a weekend rock festival that unfolded without violence in an Aquarian instant of communion and discovery (see TIME Essay). The ghettos staved quiet, the number of significant uprisings well below that of the last four long hot summers. Last week, much of Negro America turned its eyes to a token of black pride, the newly crowned Miss Black America, a title won by New York's Gloria Smith from among 16 black beauties.

Viet Nam is no less of a morass, and the flag-draped coffins still come home to Oswego and Oakland from Cu Chi and Da Nang; yet the nation has decided, without its President's precisely saying so, that it is all over except for a bit more shooting. After the prodding rhetoric of John Kennedy and the strident goading of Lyndon Johnson, Americans, for the moment, are at unaccustomed ease.

Swingers and Salamanders. The new mood of lotus eating is nowhere more in evidence than in Washington, which was refreshed by a respite from the humid August heat but remained in virtual shock from the novel simultaneous exodus of President, Cabinet and Congress. White House staffers brazenly dare a set or two on the presidential tennis court, or lock themselves in their offices for a cherished hour of uninterrupted reading. West Wing telephones now sometimes ring a dozen times or more before anyone answers. The Georgetown swingers have abandoned Clyde's on M Street,

and the venerable waiters at Harvey's on Connecticut Avenue say that the customers have not been happier—or fewer—in years. Like Paris in August, the capital of the world's most powerful nation is closed for the month.

It was much the same all over. In Greenfield, Iowa, seven-year-old Craig Baudier made the paper for running his collection of salamanders up to 16. In Chicago, where a year ago this week the confrontation of cops and youthful demonstrators polarized the nation, the talk in blue-collar saloons and on the commuter trains was of the Cubs and Ken Holtzman's no-hitter against the Atlanta Braves. Atlanta's Mayor Ivan Allen casually headed for a ranch in Wyoming where he can get in touch with his city hall only by a horseback canter out of the woods to a telephone. In Los Angeles, the fizz and even the antizuzz had gone out of this month's Watts Festival, the annual community commemoration of the 1965 riots that were the first of the recent major race riots: everywhere in Southern California was at the beach. "We've had a pretty good summer," said Patrolman Nick Giordano as he handed out an occasional ticket for jaywalking in Manhattan's Union Square. "Quiet. I only hope to God it will stay that way."

Nixon's Tranquillity Base

No vacation the President of the U.S. ever takes can be quite like that of any other citizen. During his month in San Clemente, Calif., Richard Nixon has managed to claim most of his afternoons for rest and relaxation. The mornings at White House West, however, are working hours: the business of the world's most powerful nation can never come to complete rest. Each day, the President is briefed on foreign happenings by White House Aide Henry Kissinger and on domestic issues by Attorney General John Mitchell. A steady flow of information and decision-demanding paper work comes to San Clemente. Inevitably, however, the President's pace is more selective than when he is in Washington, enabling him to put off some things until tomorrow that might have had to be done today in White House East. And much of the Washington trivia that nibbles at a President's hours is absent: no poster ba-

bies, cotton queens or service awards to worry about.

Some ceremony is necessary even in California. Last week the President hosted a gala state dinner for South Korean President Chung Hee Park in San Francisco's St. Francis Hotel, Nixon's favorite. Earlier, the President indicated that Washington expects Seoul to assume the major role in defending South Korea—a surprisingly mild affirmation of support, considering that the U.S. keeps 50,000 men in South Korea. Not even 6,000 antiwar demonstrators in Union Square could dampen the presidential humor. Nixon explained to the 238 diners that, although the U.S. Army Strolling Strings and the Marine Band were imported from Washington, the wines, the flowers and most of the guests were California products.

He might have added, of the Hollywood variety. On hand were: Mrs. Clark Gable, Shirley Temple Black, Actor William Lundigan and even Zsa Zsa Gabor, whose unlikely dining partner was Henry Kissinger. Did they discuss world affairs? "No," purred Zsa Zsa, "but we talked about a lot of other affairs."

The San Francisco dinner was a pleasing departure from the more familiar Washington diplomatic *divertissements*. Yet it was only a prelude to an even more unusual get-together. This week, the President plans on throwing a birthday party for Lyndon Johnson. At Nixon's invitation, the ex-Chief Executive will come to California to celebrate his 61st birthday. There Nixon intends to present his predecessor with a thoughtful gift. He is going to dedicate "Lady Bird Grove" in Redwood National Park in tribute to the former First Lady's efforts to beautify the nation.

Ambling Ambience. Despite the demands of his social calendar, the President continues to enjoy the ambling ambience of his Western White House. The morning's work generally begins with Nixon's slipping behind the wheel of a Cushman golf cart (dubbed "Cushman One"). King Timahoe, the first family's Irish setter, often rides shotgun in the cart. The President drives 400 yards between his Spanish-style villa and the White House staff offices and enters the handsome new surroundings. In less than two months, the barren Coast Guard LORAN (long range navigation) station, which adjoins the Nixon property, has burst into bloom with manicured lawns, shrubbery and flowers dotting the site.

The President nominated South Carolina Judge Haynsworth to the Supreme Court last week and appointed five new ambassadors. He elected to defer a decision on further troop withdrawals from Viet Nam. There were the usual daily

rounds of meetings and briefings from the key White House aides, who stay close at hand. But the mood continued to be relaxed. The surf beats at the shore 75 feet below the Nixon house, and the Pacific days inspire a feeling of languid luxury. It is Tranquillity Base for an easygoing operation.

Golf Bug. Nixon is reveling in the freedom afforded him in San Clemente. It has given him the chance to indulge in a newfound passion—golf. After lunch, work ceases and the President heads for the first tee. Attorney General Mitchell, Secretary of State William Rogers and Son-in-Law David Eisenhower often make up the foursome. Scores are state secrets. Although young David is considered to be the best linksmen in the group, Nixon thinks highly



NIXON IN CUSHMAN ONE
Often Timahoe rides shotgun.

of Mitchell's game. In his enthusiasm, Nixon seems to have forgotten that he once declared the game to be a "waste of time." Last week he played five days in a row. As his game improves, so do the chances that Pat Nixon will meet the same fate suffered by many suburban wives: golf widowhood.

There are other diversions. Nixon likes to sun himself on his patio and read. He walks along the ocean with Pat, and he enjoys watching surfers skimming through the waves farther down the beach. The Mitchells have been over to share a quiet dinner. The President has twice driven south to Oceanside with his friend "Bebe" Rebozo to inspect pleasure boats. Two or three times he has taken the family out to dine, a luxury that is out of the question in Washington. The family also occasionally orders in a meal of tacos and hamburgers for an informal feast. That, along with other simple pleasures, will be left behind in San Clemente when Nixon returns to Washington on Sept. 7. It is a little difficult to order hamburgers to be delivered to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

THE SUPREME COURT

A Southern Justice

Richard Nixon proudly unveiled his new Chief Justice, Warren Burger, in an East Room spectacular last May attended by live television cameras and the highest ranks of his Administration. There was no such ceremonial fuss last week as he named his first Associate Justice to the Supreme Court. In the press room at Laguna Beach, 17 miles from the western White House at San Clemente, Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler almost perfunctorily announced that Nixon had appointed South Carolina's Clement Furman Haynsworth, chief judge of the Fourth Circuit of the U.S. Court of Appeals, to fill the seat vacated last spring by Justice Abe Fortas.

To Nixon and Attorney General John Mitchell, who supervised the Administration's search for a new Justice, Haynsworth has ideal credentials. It is true that he would be a WASP filling a seat that has been traditionally Jewish since 1916, but Nixon never promised to abide by that custom. Privately, the President says that he does not consider that there is a Jewish, Catholic or Negro seat on the court. Haynsworth is a sitting federal judge who, at 56, can expect at least ten or 15 years on the Supreme Court bench. His decisions have been moderate to conservative on civil rights, and occasionally liberal in cases involving the rights of criminals. But above all, Haynsworth is a strict constructionist who subscribes to Nixon's dictum

that "it is the job of the courts to interpret the law, not make the law." A desire for social innovation has seldom manifested itself in his legal judgments, and he seems an apt choice to carry out what Nixon envisions as a redefinition of the Supreme Court's role, steering it away from the activism of the Earl Warren court.

Preparing for 1972. Some critics thought that the choice was entirely too ideal from Nixon's political point of view—which may account for the absence of panoply at the appointment. Haynsworth will be the first Southern addition to the Supreme Court since the civil rights upheaval began 15 years ago. Whatever the judge's qualifications, his appointment serves as partial payment by the Administration for the efforts of South Carolina's Strom Thurmond and others, who held five Southern and Border states for the G.O.P. against George Wallace's third-party depredations. Moreover, the choice fits neatly into Nixon's design for strengthening the Republicans in the South for the 1970 and 1972 elections.

Several weeks ago, Thurmond pub-



HAYNSWORTH & WIFE DOROTHY
Divided on the auguries.

lently endorsed his old friend Donald Russell, a federal district court judge and former Senator from South Carolina, for the Fortas seat. The endorsement may well have been sincere, but some suspected legerdemain. Anyone known as "Thurmond's man" would be a clear embarrassment to Nixon. By backing Russell, Thurmond in effect cleared the air for another South Carolinian, Haynsworth.

As it was, reaction to the Haynsworth appointment was not as outraged as might have been expected. The N.A.A.C.P.'s Roy Wilkins promised to fight Senate confirmation, and was swiftly joined by the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s George Meany. Paul Jennings, president of the International Union of Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers, accused Haynsworth of antilabor positions in two decisions involving the rights of Southern textile-mill workers to organize for collective bargaining. Should labor and civil rights groups succeed in blocking Haynsworth's appointment in the Senate—an unlikely possibility—the coalition would be reminiscent of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. and N.A.A.C.P. campaign that kept Judge John J. Parker from the Court in 1930.

Nixonian Court. Legal opinion was divided on the auguries to be found in Haynsworth's rulings; the caution stemmed in part from the fact that the Supreme Court historically has had a way of turning conservatives into liberals, and vice versa. Yale Law School Professor Fred Rodell dismissed Haynsworth with the remark that he is a "mediocre slob," but one liberal federal judge in the South found the appointment encouraging. "The conservatives are going to be startled to death by that man," he said. "On labor matters he's quite conservative. But on civil liberties—search and seizure, arrest, right to counsel—I think he's as advanced as anyone now on the Supreme Court."

Haynsworth's record on civil rights suggests an inclination to adhere to the Supreme Court's decisions, but not to try to break any new ground. The impres-

sion is that of a reluctant and a somewhat mechanical interpreter of the high court's direction. In *Green v. County School Board of New Kent County* last year, Haynsworth wrote a majority opinion upholding "freedom of choice" plans for school integration—plans that are a characteristic Southern fallback position intended to circumvent Supreme Court decisions ordering desegregation. Haynsworth's essentially negative opinion was that it is enough for the court to declare segregation illegal without acting affirmatively to end it.

Judge Clement Haynsworth

CLEMENT FURMAN HAYNSWORTH JR. is the scion of four generations of South Carolina lawyers. His great-great-grandfather, Richard Haynsworth, began his law practice in Sumter in 1813, after the family moved from Virginia. His great-grandfather, also a lawyer in Sumter, died serving in the Confederate army at Ball Run. In the 1880s, his grandfather founded the family law firm in Greenville that Haynsworth left in 1957 when President Dwight Eisenhower appointed him to the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals.

In many ways, Haynsworth is the stereotype of a courtly Southern judge. He combs his gray hair nearly straight back, with just a slant to the right, and carries himself with an almost fastidious precision. He is, as one former law clerk describes him, "a quiet, serious, somewhat shy man who displays a good sense of humor once you know him." This trait emerges occasionally in mild, improbable pranks, as when his neighbors recently bought a new lawnmower. Haynsworth showed up with a beribboned bottle of Fresca to christen the new machine.

Haynsworth graduated *summa*

Thus, in *Griffin v. County School Board of Prince Edward County* in 1963, Haynsworth also voted with the 2-1 majority to approve the closing of all the county's schools as one way to avoid integrating them. "When there is a total cessation of operations of an independent school system, there is no denial of equal protection of the laws," Haynsworth wrote. Yet from 1959, when the public schools closed, until 1964, when they reopened, Prince Edward's 1,700 Negro children went virtually without education, while the whites opened a "private" system for their own offspring. In both *Green* and *Griffin*, Haynsworth was later overturned by Warren's Supreme Court.

It is unclear how a Nixonian court, with the additions of Burger and Haynsworth, would have decided those cases. Already Nixon has weighted the court toward a moderate conservatism; for the first time since 1956 the activist, liberal coalition led by Justices Black, Douglas, Brennan and Marshall is a minority. Teaming with the centrist group of Justices Harlan, Stewart and White, Burger and Haynsworth probably will have the effect of reversing or at least slowing down the liberal impetus of the court. The actuarial likelihood is that before he leaves office, the President will be able to remake the court further to fit his image of it. Hugo Black is 83. William O. Douglas, 70, has had an electronic pacemaker implanted in his heart, and Harlan, 70, has failing eyesight.

cum laude in 1933 from Greenville's Furman College, founded by his great-great-grandfather Richard Furman. He went north to Harvard Law School, graduating in 1936. During World War II, he served in naval intelligence in the Pacific. In 1946, Haynsworth married the former Dorothy Merry Barkley, who had two sons by a previous marriage. (The couple have no children of their own.) Haynsworth raises prize camellias in the greenhouse behind his \$100,000 Greenville mansion, and in the evenings likes to listen to Beethoven, Brahms, Bach and Mozart. An Episcopalian, he attends Greenville's Christ Church "as often as I can." He walks for exercise.

Although he is not registered with either political party now, Haynsworth listed himself as a Democrat until 1957. He supported Dwight Eisenhower in 1956. Haynsworth has never run for office himself, prefers to work for "the man I feel is best qualified for the job." His legal prose reflects the cadences of his life; measured, sedate and pellucid. His friends say that his facility with the written word is in part purposeful compensation for his tendency to stutter.

THE POLITICIAN AT THE PENTAGON

THE Pentagon is a sorely besieged place these days, and Melvin Robert Laird, the tenth U.S. Secretary of Defense, has frequently found himself fighting off attackers who are nearly as tough and persistent as the Viet Cong. One day recently, mulling over reports from Viet Nam, the latest volley of criticism from Capitol Hill, fresh disputes over strategic weapons and new attacks on the ROTC, Laird had had enough. Thumping his desk, he demanded of an aide: "Aren't we ever going to have any good news? Is it always going to be bad?" He topped that with a resigned scholium: "If we do get any good news, the President will announce it."

It is the task of lifelong Politician Melvin Laird to preside over the Pentagon at the most critical and criticized era for the U.S. military in many years. He must manage America's withdrawal from Viet Nam in such a way that an unsatisfactory war does not turn into a debacle. He must find ways to reduce sharply military spending in a time of rising costs at home, continuing challenges to U.S. power abroad, and changing definitions of America's role in the world. He must shake up a Pentagon grown sluggish and wasteful. And he must do it all under the aroused and hostile scrutiny of a Congress and public now convinced that for too long the generals and the admirals have got too much of what they wanted.

Viet Nam, of course, has been the principal and continuing source of public discontent. But other events have conspired to make the military seem incompetent and worse. *Pueblo* shocked the nation. The much-heralded F-111 fighter-bomber had to be grounded while its defects were investigated. A House subcommittee charged technical failures and deception in a tank development program. A deadly nerve-gas test went awry, killing thousands of sheep, and the Army tried to cover it up. The

once vaunted Green Berets are enmeshed in an ugly scandal. All these and more come atop popular anger over high taxes and prices. A new Gallup poll indicated that 52% of the public now regard military spending as too high, while only 8% think that expenditures should be increased. That is a far cry from the "missile-gap" days of 1960, when a mere 18% thought spending excessive and 21% favored a higher defense budget (the balance either thought the amount proper or had no opinion).

A Bothersome Reputation

Last week Laird, who in public invariably gives the relaxed impression that his hair shirt must have a silk lining, was hard at work at his job while most of Washington was on holiday. Conforming to the President's marching orders for the attack on inflation and to the realities of congressional skepticism, he announced new military-budget cutbacks that will eventually amount to \$3 billion. The measures were an artful mélange of reductions already taken and some for the future, and he accompanied them with the warning that they would cause an "inevitable weakening of our worldwide military posture." That helped placate his officers, put the principal onus on Congress for the cuts if anything should go wrong, and preserve the credit for Richard Nixon if all goes well. At the same press conference, Laird moved to bring to a halt the wrangling over a military-contingency plan that the U.S. signed with Thailand in 1965. "It does not have my approval or the approval of the President," said Laird. That did not quite answer all the questions about the deal in the first place, but it nicely served to make any further complaints on the matter seem slightly academic. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee, not fully satisfied, plans to pursue the issue in future hearings.

Less visibly, in his Pentagon office 3-E880, where he sits at a desk that once belonged to General Pershing, Laird was preparing his recommendation to Richard Nixon for the second withdrawal of American troops from Viet Nam. The announcement was originally expected this week, but the decision was made more difficult by the upsurge in Communist aggressiveness, which brought U.S. deaths for the most recent week to 244 v. 96 the week before. Ideally, the Administration would like the next announced withdrawal to be larger than the first one of 25,000 last June. That would maintain the sense of momentum in disengagement. If the combat lull had continued, Laird's proposal for perhaps a considerably larger figure would have been easy to justify. Now it was tricky, and he had to calculate the risk on the battlefields, the tolerance of dissent at home, and somehow strike a balance. At week's end the summer White House in San Clemente said that President Nixon would defer his decision on the cutback until he returns to Washington next month.

Why would anyone want Laird's job? Laird certainly did not. In fact, he asserts with feeling that he "wanted no part" of it; he accepted, loyal partisan that he is, only because Nixon had run out of alternative candidates. Politics, particularly the politics of the House of Representatives, where he has served from Wisconsin since 1953, is Laird's passion. He is good at the craft. His ready informality, which encourages even the Joint Chiefs of Staff and other senior men at the Pentagon to call their boss "Mel," fits the vocation. So do his competitiveness in debate and his skill at cloakroom orchestration. Cartoonists err who portray him as a manicured Strangelove, fondling a missile as if it were a kitten, or as a bullet-headed robot. His phiz, indeed, is a public-relations problem. The high, balding dome over



"DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE"



"...AND WE THOUGHT HE WAS ONE OF US!"



"MEL, YOU'RE WORKING TOO HARD."

intense eyes and small features makes him look a bit like Hubert Humphrey, minus H.H.H.'s winning innocence.

There is nothing innocent about Melvin Laird. The sleek, expensive wardrobe, the thin cigar, the grim scowl when offering some dire pronouncement, the somehow roguish smile when light-hearted, make him easy to caricature, easy to suspect of ulterior motives. As a Congressman, he could be shy in good causes and in partisan ones. When he overthrew Charles Halleck as House minority leader, he managed to create the impression that he and Gerald Ford had split the rebel forces. Actually, they were united, and the putative split was a ploy. Once, just after Minority Leader Ford and his *eminent* grace, Laird, gave a critical talk on Viet Nam policy, advocating more bombing and naval

Whatever he is doing, he is well aware that he is a man leaning into stiffer gales of controversy and challenge than any of his nine predecessors. For all his problems, Laird is remaining remarkably vertical. He has made tactical errors in hard-selling his views, but the Administration won the Senate vote on the antiballistic-missile program, an issue on which he staked his personal prestige. Two of the most antimilitary Democratic Senators, Gaylord Nelson and William Proxmire, praise the Republican Secretary's toughness and intelligence. "Most important," says Proxmire, "is that he does not stand in awe of the military."

Laird carries a hawkish reputation, based partly on a book published seven years ago, *A House Divided: America's Strategy Gap*, which laid out an ex-

abiding philosophy. He is the only Secretary of Defense to come from Congress. Half his life—he will be 47 next week—was spent as a state or federal legislator,* and he had no other career until last January. "I'm a politician," he has frequently said, "and proud of it. That's all I've ever been." While reviewing an honor guard, he occasionally flusters a properly stiff soldier by sticking out his hand and announcing, candidate-style: "I'm Mel Laird."

Yet Nixon and Laird, the two partisans with well-earned reputations for maneuvering factions and votes and no experience at all in managing armies or industries, have launched much-needed studies of the nation's fundamental strategic goals and the military means needed to achieve them, David Packard, whom Laird drafted from the chairmanship of the Hewlett-Packard Co., to be Deputy Defense Secretary, heads one study group. Before many hard decisions are made about force levels and weapons systems, says Packard, "the future role of the U.S. in world affairs must be decided." The inquiries are deeper than anything undertaken in the '60s and should produce blueprints for a military machine of the '70s.

Though the studies' conclusions are not in yet—some will be in hand next month, others not until next year—Laird has already begun to move in new directions. His substantive approach on most issues has been cautious. As always with Laird, political instinct is his radar, calculation his principal weapon.

Viet Nam Scenario

It was this instinct that two years ago began to urge Laird away from a hard-line position on Viet Nam. Though he is hardly the sole proprietor of the Administration's disengagement policy, he is a senior and active partner in it. He claims credit for the term "Vietnamization of the war," a coinage hardly calculated to win the philologist vote. The object now, he believes, is to get as many Americans out of Viet Nam as possible without causing a sudden deterioration of the allies' position.

The policy is set at the National Security Council level, where Laird is only one member of five. Though it is up to the Defense Department to make it work, to propose the numbers and units to be taken out, Laird's role in this is more than a mechanic's. He is acutely concerned with the continuing interaction of the war and the domestic mood. During an interview with *TIME* last week, he repeatedly expressed concern over "what we're going to have on the campuses this fall." (Laird and his wife Barbara have three children: John, 21, married this summer, is a junior at Wisconsin State University and is eligible for the draft; Allison is 18, David, 14.) To keep the momentum

* Freshly returned from World War II Navy service, Laird at age 23 was elected to his father's seat in the Wisconsin legislature upon the latter's death. He served six years, then won a congressional election in 1952.



THE LAIRDS BARBECUING: LAIRD, DAVID, ALLISON & WIFE BARBARA

A bit more dignity, but still of Bom.

action, Laird said to a friend, "Jerry really believes that bombing baloney." Now his reputation for sleight of tongue has become a bit of a bother.

Despite his not having wanted the secretaryship, he is enjoying himself after seven months on the job. The work is hard and less pleasant than a congressional leader's, but the power is great. "I like to be picked on," he says. "It doesn't bother me." There is more dignity in his presence now, though he can still be of "Bom"—a childhood nickname, taken from "Bambino," that his oldest friends remember—standing there beside the backyard barbecue pit, swathed in an apron and holding a Manhattan on the rocks as he contemplates his prized swimming pool. That scene is increasingly rare. Though he still manages to swim before breakfast and before going to bed, almost all his waking hours are spent before congressional committees, at press conferences, or in one of the endless Pentagon meetings.

Explicit better-dead-than-Red line. He still boosts the brass, as in his speech last week to the Veterans of Foreign Wars. Skirting the invidious "military-industrial complex," usage, he said: "The military-industrial-labor team is a tremendous asset to our nation and a fundamental source of our national strength." Meanwhile he is actively engaged in putting the "team" on a skenderizing diet and preventing contractors from abusing the bidding process that has inflated military costs in the past.

Like the Nixon Administration overall, Laird marches under no grand ensign. After seven months, the White House still has no catch phrase to match New Frontier or Great Society. Laird's Pentagon has no strategy label comparable to "flexible response" in Robert McNamara's day or even the "bigger bang for a buck" of Charles E. Wilson's time. Like Nixon himself, Laird seems unencumbered by—some would say unequipped with—any particularly

of Vietnamization going, Laird envisages reviews every three or four months as to further manpower reductions. This must be done not only to satisfy anti-war sentiment at home but also to ensure that the South Vietnamese understand fully the U.S. intention to turn the war effort over to them.

All along, however, the Administration has stipulated three criteria for reductions, any one of which would suffice: progress at the Paris peace talks, a diminution in the level of combat and improvement in the performance of South Viet Nam's military forces. What happens if none of these occurs to a significant degree? Will the domestic mood force near-total U.S. withdrawal anyway? Not necessarily, Laird said. During the interview, he sketched a possible scenario whereby the U.S. force could be cut in half, to about 250,000 men, and kept in South Viet Nam for an extended period. While emphasizing that this is not a desired policy from the U.S. standpoint, Laird implied that it could become a fall-back position if the Communists continue to balk at an agreement and refuse to reduce their war effort unequivocally.

The Money Question

A key feature of this outline, it is never implemented, is that the American troops kept in Viet Nam would be all volunteers, rather than the present mix of draftees and regulars. Further, they would be used only in a support capacity. They would supply the South Vietnamese with air and artillery cover and an assortment of logistical services. The G.I.s would not engage in close combat on the ground unless directly attacked. The reduction in numbers and the change in function would presumably result in a dramatic fall-off of American casualties. That, together with the freeing of draftees from service in Viet Nam, could reduce political pressure on the Administration and help quiet dissent in general.

In Laird's view, the most combustible element in the campus tinderbox, he cautions of Viet Nam, is the draft. Nixon revived proposals for reformatting it, but since his message to Congress in May nothing has come of the recommendations to put induction on a random basis and limit the individual's liability to a single year. This month the Defense Department assumed responsibility for promoting the changes, a task previously assigned to the Selective Service System under General Lewis Hershey, 75.

To get Congress moving on draft reform, Laird proposes that "pressure from the people be brought to bear." A presidential speech is one possibility. The goal is to persuade young people, both on campuses and in ghettos, that draft procedures are as equitable as possible. The Administration's ultimate aim is to abolish the draft and rely entirely on volunteers. Even if the Administration fails to get congressional approval of major changes in the draft, the very effort, if

made vigorously and publicly, is worth political points.

Laird's announcement last week of spending cuts of "up to \$3 billion" together with the \$1.1 billion trimmed earlier, would produce a defense budget of \$77 billion for the fiscal year that began July 1, instead of the \$81.1 billion originally contemplated at the change of Administrations. Uniformed personnel now numbering 3,430,000, would be reduced by 100,000. The civilian roster of 1,430,000 would go down by 50,000. Army and Air Force training and maintenance operations outside of Viet Nam will be cut. The Navy's 970 ships in active commission will be reduced by about 100. Among the victims are two of the older aircraft carriers, the *Kearsarge* and the *Bennington*, which are both now on antisubmarine

JOHN H. HANCOCK / LIFE



9TH INFANTRY DIVISION LEAVING VIET NAM
Deeper inquiries than anything in the '60s.

patrol duty, and the battleship *New Jersey*, the only dreadnought in service anywhere in the world. The *New Jersey* was taken out of storage and refitted last year at the cost of \$22.2 million for duty off Viet Nam. Laird will save \$14 million a year by retiring her again. An unspecified number of military installations will also be closed.

Part of the Pentagon's budget problem consists of cost overruns—higher-than-anticipated final bills for new weapons. Laird, keenly aware of this problem, is acting to solve it, but he chose not to mention that fact in connection with the need for economies. To have done so would have been poor public relations. Laird's whole approach to the cuts is a case study of the way he works. By naming specific areas for reductions, he might be able to head off congressional vetoes of programs still more precious to the Pentagon. By scattering announcements, he creates the impression of more reductions than are in

fact taking place. The cancellation of the manned orbital laboratory system, the halt in procurement of the Cheyenne helicopter and the deactivation of the 9th Infantry Division, for example, had been announced previously but were mentioned again in last week's totals. Some of the savings come as a direct result of the troop reduction in Viet Nam.

Long-Range Plans

From the standpoint of orthodox military thinking, almost any diminution of forces or equipment amounts to a weakening. Moreover, cutting training operations will obviously affect readiness. The question, however, is whether the force level or degree of preparedness can be reduced without damaging real security requirements. Laird did not address himself to that issue ex-

cept by implication. If indeed the country's security interests are being put in jeopardy by any of the steps taken, however reluctantly, by the Pentagon, then Congress or the Administration or both should be called to account. It appears, to the contrary, that Laird was merely being the shrewd tactician.

Although the Administration's studies have yet to produce specific guidance for the next decade, Laird and others in the Administration believe that the American defense establishment of the future will be significantly smaller than it is today—and even somewhat below the pre-Viet Nam level as the war burden lessens. While the fiscal problem and Congress' attitude force Laird to cut more and earlier than he otherwise might, some of the reductions seem—despite his protests—to fit into his long-term intentions. In appearing to be dragged into making economies, of course, Laird also maintains his credentials with the uniformed chiefs and

SALT: A Season for Reason

If all goes well, within the next few months negotiators from the U.S. and the Soviet Union will start preliminary discussions that will lead to one of the most auspicious developments in more than two decades of the cold war: strategic arms limitation talks, already known by the odd acronym SALT. The aim of SALT is to slow down the ever more costly investment by both superpowers in nuclear weaponry that is increasingly sophisticated and deadly.

What will happen when the two sides finally get down to setting a date to begin the talks? First, the U.S. and the Soviets must take stock of just where they stand. In existing offensive weapons delivery systems, both sides have intercontinental bombers, land-based ICBMs and atom-powered submarines with sea-launched nuclear missiles. The U.S. has 510 B-52 and 80 B-58 jet bombers as against 150 turboprop Soviet TU-95 Bears. There are 1,054 Minuteman and Titan II U.S. ICBMs, v. about 1,000 Russian ICBMs in the SS series. Undersea, the U.S. has 41 Polaris submarines, while the Soviets are adding twelve a year to their present

ical chance that the two adversaries could decide to cut back their arms stockpiles and actually initiate partial disarmament. TIME's Pentagon correspondent, John Mulliken, suggests several hypothetical cut-back scenarios:

► Both sides maintain their present ICBM inventories but reduce other parts of their arsenals. Under this approach, the U.S. could agree to scrap ten of its Polaris submarines, while the Russians would be permitted to build up their fleet to parity with the U.S. at 31 boats. The U.S. would phase out all of its B-52s and B-58s while building enough FB-111s, the strategic fighter-bomber version of the swing-wing F-111, to match the Soviet TU-95s in numbers. The U.S. would abandon Safeguard ABMs, the Russians would dismantle or neutralize the Galosh ABMs, the network and the Tallinn Line. Both sides would agree not to install operational MIRVs.

► All ballistic-missile submarines, bombers and ABM systems are abandoned, with all nuclear weapons removed from fighters based on land and on aircraft carriers. Each side retains 1,000 ICBMs with MIRV warheads, thus achieving a precisely even face-off.

► Most drastically, each country is allowed only 20 Polaris-type submarines carrying 16 MIRVed missiles apiece; no other nuclear weapons—ICBMs, bombers, nuclear-armed fighters or ABMs—are permitted, and hunter-killer submarines that could attack and cripple the Polaris boats are also banned. Again a balance is struck, but at a much lower level of destructive capability.

Tidy and appealing as such hypotheses may seem, enormous obstacles stand in the way of their becoming reality. For example, even on the point of a mutual moratorium on further MIRV testing there is disagreement within the Nixon Administration itself: the Pentagon strongly wants to press ahead with MIRV, while Gerard Smith, who has been designated the chief U.S. SALT negotiator, made it known last week that he thinks a MIRV test ban should be the first item of business with the Soviet Union. Secretary of State William Rogers put it mildly last week when he said: "There may be slight differences of opinion."

The U.S. has progressed far enough with MIRV that it is now practically operational. That will make reaching an agreement with the Russians vastly more difficult. The Soviets will almost surely want to delay serious dealings until they have caught up with the U.S. MIRV as an accomplished fact also complicates inspection of the opponent's arsenal, since there is no way that a spy satellite can tell whether an ICBM in its concrete silo is MIRVed or not. As Averell Harriman recently noted, "It is more difficult for us to come to an understanding this year than it was a year ago."

The Administration originally expected a SALT go-ahead from Moscow by mid-August. That has not been forthcoming, perhaps because the Kremlin has had more pressing preoccupations with the Chinese border disturbances and the Czech invasion anniversary. One encouraging sign was a report last week that the Soviet Union will shortly join the U.S. in putting before the 25th Geneva disarmament conference a draft treaty limiting military uses of the ocean floor.

In any case, progress in U.S.-Soviet military agreements is never rapid. It will probably be even slower in the monumental matter of arms limitation than it was with two earlier and less audacious agreements: the 1963 test-ban treaty and the nuclear nonproliferation treaty initiated in 1968. Each required more than four years of hard bargaining before final agreement was reached, and neither one even began to approach the complexity of the issues on the table for SALT.



MIRV WARHEAD BEING READED FOR SHIPMENT

fleet of nine: both U.S. and Soviet submarines carry 16 missiles each.

That much is already in the inventory. Where the real uncertainty comes—and where each side is likely to be guarded in revealing its plans—is in two new-generation weapon systems now under development. One is offensive, the other defensive. Offensively, the U.S. has already tested its Hydra-headed MIRV (for multiple independently targeted re-entry vehicle), which enables one launcher to drop separate nuclear warheads on widely scattered targets. The Soviets are working on the same weapon, though the U.S. is generally thought to be ahead. Defensively, the U.S. Safeguard antiballistic-missile system has just narrowly won Senate approval; the Soviets already have 67 relatively unsophisticated Galosh ABMs dug in around Moscow, and the U.S. fears that they may begin putting ABMs into the so-called Tallinn Line in the western U.S.S.R.

Should the Americans and the Russians conclude that they already have achieved a balance of destructive capacity, then one possibility for SALT would be an agreement to freeze weapons on both sides exactly as they are now and abandon any further development. Present spy satellites and other snooping devices would be adequate to reassure each side that the other was keeping its word. Beyond a mere freeze, there is at least a theoret-

with the congressional old guard that is still pro-military. Robert McNamara, by contrast, positively gloried in every dime saved and every pet project revisited. Laird is too much a man of the Washington world to make enemies unnecessarily.

As Laird's long-range plans start to come into focus, both for the overall design of the military apparatus and the internal operations of the Pentagon, a number of contrasts with the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations are becoming evident. Some represent reactions to changing conditions or the culmination of trends begun years ago. Others are conscious departures.

Bad News

It has been apparent for years that forward deployment of large American ground forces in Asia and Europe would eventually be reduced, if not eliminated entirely. Viet Nam, North Korea's pugnacity, the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia and other bad news have deferred this realignment but not canceled it. Laird acknowledges that the American Seventh Army is in West Germany, for instance, more to meet political needs than strictly military ones. Although he places little credence in talk of *détente* with the Russians,* he does not rule out an eventual pullback from Europe. Technical developments in military transportation, such as the C-5A aircraft and fast supply vessels, give the U.S. increased capability for keeping a larger part of its forces at home while still being able to react quickly to an overseas emergency. When President Nixon talks about maintaining the U.S. as a Pacific power, most strategists translate that to mean air and sea rather than ground forces.

The prospect, then, is for the Army and Marines to shrink proportionally more than the Air Force and the Navy. While McNamara emphasized a balance of forces and strengthened conventional elements as well as nuclear components of the arsenal, Laird is likely to encourage at least a partial return to the approach of the Eisenhower years. The stress then was on developing strategic nuclear weapons—long-range bombers, missiles, Polaris submarines.

Laird, however, is not likely to be content with merely maintaining the present generation of big-bang weapons. He favors, for instance, giving the Air Force funds to buy a new long-range bomber, the Advanced Manned Strategic Aircraft (AMSA), which McNamara repeatedly vetoed. He strongly supports vigorous research and development efforts for new weapons and frequently expresses his fear that the Russians are threatening to overtake the U.S. not only in deployed weapons but in technology for future arms. This thinking, shared of course by the military chiefs

and by his senior scientific adviser, John Foster Jr., accounts for Laird's advocacy of the Safeguard ABM and the MIRV program for the Minuteman and Poseidon missiles. He anticipates that the next big arena for military breakthroughs will be the oceans. That is a very long-range possibility, but Laird is eager to explore all frontiers.

Foster, a physicist who served McNamara and Clifford as Director of Defense Research and Engineering and has kept that job under Laird, echoes and amplifies Laird's basic theme. The Russians, Foster says, have been increasing their technical efforts by 10% a year in terms of investment while the U.S. has been going up just 4% or

ways had a good deal of rapport with the generals and admirals and has always shared many of their views. While in the House, he was a member of the Appropriations subcommittee for defense affairs. A conscientious legislator who did his homework, Laird became one of the most knowledgeable defense experts in the House. He also became personally acquainted with most of the senior military leaders.

One of McNamara's biggest achievements was to impose firm civilian rule on the generals. Another was to demand—and get—a degree of coordination among the services' missions and programs that had been unheard of before his time. While a Congressman, Laird

was a sometime critic of McNamara, but he admired McNamara's strong leadership, if not all of his specific decisions and methods, and still keeps in touch with McNamara through occasional dinners. Laird himself is too tough a personality and too conscious of the uses of power to revert to the pre-McNamara system of letting the generals loose to spend their allotted funds as they see fit, regardless of duplication or waste. What he has done, however, both in human relationships and organizational changes, is to restore some of the military's personal prestige and official prerogatives in the decision-making process.

Downgraded Whiz Kids

"It is simply foolhardy," says Laird, "not to make maximum use of the great talent, wisdom and experience available through the Joint Chiefs of Staff and within the services." Before his press conference last week, Laird thoroughly briefed General Earle Wheeler, J.C.S. chairman, on what was to be announced. The first thing the Secretary did after the conference was to give Wheeler a full rundown of the question-and-answer segment. Says the general: "The tenor of doing business in the Pentagon has changed, and it is a productive change."

Other alterations go far beyond tenor. Laird has put one of his oldest personal friends, Assistant Secretary for Administration Robert Froehke, in a coordinator's role over the Defense Intelligence Agency and the National Security Agency to ensure that they complement each other rather than work at cross purposes. He has set up a Domestic Action Council within the Pentagon to contribute to Government antipoverty efforts. He has downgraded the Office of International Security Affairs, one of McNamara's favorite shops, which acted as a little State Department within the Pentagon. Now it is more concerned with performing studies for the National Security Council.

Another McNamara favorite that has lost influence is Systems Analysis, the home of the young civilian experts



McNAMARA & CLIFFORD
Greater changes than just tenor.

"not quite enough to cover the inflation rate for technology." Last week Foster warned: "Since secrecy usually hides much of the capability of the Soviet Union, we in fact rely heavily on technology to ensure us against disastrous surprises. We must have broad technological superiority over any potential enemy. Not parity—superiority."

If a technology gap is indeed developing, Laird means to plug it. While the overall defense budget is scheduled to decrease compared with last year's, the Administration is requesting a 7% increase in R & D, bringing the total to \$8.8 billion. Maintaining the ability to produce new weapons does not necessarily mean actually developing them. Since Laird took office, the Defense Department has contracted for the creation of only one major new system, the S-3A, a carrier-based antisubmarine patrol plane. He would, of course, like to go ahead with certain others.

Within the Pentagon, Laird is a far more popular figure than either of his two immediate predecessors. He has al-

* The Russians reciprocate. Laird is the Cabinet officer most criticized in the Soviet press. He has recently been accused of "frightening Americans" with his statements about Russian missile development.

known as McNamara's whiz kids. To the uniformed chiefs, the decline of Systems Analysis was the ultimate symbol of the military's renewed prestige. The office was viewed in that light because McNamara gave it the responsibility for the first and most important review of goals and plans originated by the Joint Chiefs of Staff. In the course of that review, Systems Analysis was often able to originate policy. Under Laird's table of organization, the three military services will get first crack at revising and refining the Joint Chiefs' plan. The new arrangement has the effect of increasing the responsibility of the three civilian service Secretaries, Stanley Resor of the Army, John Chafee of the Navy and Robert Seamans Jr. of the Air Force. Laird feels that McNamara centralized too many functions in his own office and that responsibility should be spread more evenly throughout the department.

One of Laird's biggest challenges is to make the Pentagon more efficient in weapons procurement. To aid in this, he is giving the individual services more

with Johnson, and was ultimately the leading mover in reversing Johnson's position on the war.

Nixon runs a more orderly, traditional organization. By restoring the National Security Council to its former eminence, Nixon has, in effect, minimized the star system. Laird has less opportunity, and probably less ambition, to venture into foreign policy than McNamara or Clifford. As a Cabinet member, and one well versed in domestic affairs and politics, Laird, of course, has his say in fields beyond the military. But again, Nixon has no shortage of strong men in these areas. If Laird is to earn good marks because of his work in the Nixon Administration, it will have to be mainly in his own field.

How has he done so far? The brief record is mixed but promising. One problem he has made for himself is that of overstatement. In trying to defend his programs, he has occasionally used talk of the kind that a Congressman can easily get away with but a Defense Secretary cannot. During the ABM debate, he said at one point that there was "no

while the Russians have been struggling in the past few years to catch up. Some of Laird's aides have been urging him to be more circumspect.

It is the business of a department head to sell his agency's programs. Parochial enthusiasm, however, is hardly in the public interest. While going along with the Administration's avowed goal of reaching an arms-control agreement with the Russians, Laird's current arguments against any slowdown in nuclear weaponry could be extended into opposition to any agreement that might be reached. This, obviously, is the apprehension in the State Department and the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency as it looks to arms-limitation talks with the Soviets (see box on page 16).

Counterweight

Laird pleads guilty only to wanting a strong bargaining position: "If you give the Russians anything before the talks begin, then either the negotiations never start or they drag on for several years without accomplishing anything. The Soviet Union will wait to see how



U.S.S. "NEW JERSEY"



C-5 GALAXY



CHEYENNE

Balance between risks on the battlefield and dissent at home.

authority in managing programs. But Laird also demands that they take more responsibility both in making original estimates realistic and in monitoring development closely to ensure that specifications and deadlines are being met and that costs are staying close to the budget.

Strong Men

The office of the Secretary of Defense seems to be somewhat slowed under Laird. He is inevitably one of the most influential men in the Cabinet, both because of the importance of his department and because of Nixon's respect for his abilities. Gaylord Nelson recalls Nixon's once telling him: "Mel is one of the ablest men I've ever seen in government." Unlike some Cabinet officers, Laird has ready access to the Oval Office. Nonetheless, Washington has grown accustomed to McNamara's performance as super-Secretary, particularly in the three years following John Kennedy's death. McNamara seemed to be setting foreign policy and performing a variety of other services for Lyndon Johnson, Clifford, in his brief tenure, was not quite so versatile, but he did have a special relationship

doubt" that the Russians were building a first-strike force with their big SS-9 missiles—that is, an arsenal that could quickly obliterate U.S. offensive capability. When challenged, he backed down somewhat to the more precise statement that the SS-9 could be used to destroy Minuteman sites. American bombers in the air and Polaris submarines on patrol would, of course, be another matter.

Although he insists that he bases his statements on new intelligence information, his and Foster's presentations sometimes seem exaggerated simply to make debating points and headlines. State Department analysts, for instance, privately argue with Laird's assertion that the Russians' "effort ratio" on strategic defenses is seven times that of the U.S. To be sure, the Russians are spending a larger proportion of their gross national product than the U.S. on ABM and other strategic weapons. But the fact that the Russians, with half the American G.N.P., are straining their resources even more than the U.S. on defense programs is a commentary on relative economies, not comparative military strength. The formulation also overlooks the fact that the U.S. has much of its offensive arsenal in place,

much they can get before they sit down."

McNamara, when he argued for arms control and against certain weapons projects, often provided a counterweight to civilian militarism in Capitol Hill. Today the balance is tipped sharply so that opposition to the military, particularly in the Senate, threatens to go to the opposite extreme. While the new skepticism can have healthy results in terms of a more realistic defense structure, it can also degenerate into indiscriminate slashing of military strength. Now that critics of the Defense Department are in full cry, the accused should be entitled to articulate counsel.

How Laird's specific reforms will work remains to be seen. If he seems to lack startling imagination and grand vision, he also appears to be genuinely searching for new approaches and to be reluctant to make radical changes until the research is in. For all his old reputation as a hard-liner—and Nixon's for that matter—the Administration is picking its way cautiously toward what is shaping up to be a less bloated, more efficient military apparatus and a more modest commitment overseas. Politics? Of course. Good politics and good policy are not, after all, mutually exclusive.

THE KENNEDYS

Calling the Witnesses

Edgartown Police Chief Dominick Arena was back at his pre-Chappaquiddick chore of directing traffic. The summer residents of Martha's Vineyard were savoring the final days before they would pack their station wagons on Labor Day and head for the ferry at Vineyard Haven for their ride back to the mainland. But the Vineyard summer crowd will no sooner be gone than scores of reporters and camera crews will pour into Edgartown for the Sept. 3 inquest into the death of Mary Jo Kopechne in Poucha Pond.

District Attorney Edmund Dinis estimates that the inquest in the small Dukes County courthouse will last as long as a week. He will call about 20 witnesses. One of them is almost certain to be Edward Kennedy himself, although there is some legal argument that calling the Senator to testify would violate his constitutional rights in the event that the inquest were to lead to later criminal proceedings against him. The other witnesses will include the five girls and five other men who attended the cookout on Chappaquiddick. Arena will appear, as will Dr. Donald R. Wills, the Dukes County associate medical examiner, who pronounced Mary Jo's death an accidental drowning some eight or ten hours after Kennedy's sedan tumbled off the Dike Bridge.

Autopsy Delayed. "We intend to trace the movements of Senator Kennedy and all the others at the party both before and after the accident," said Dinis. He wants to explore not only the immediate questions surrounding the fatal accident but also the larger discrepancies in Kennedy's public accounting of that night. The district attorney will call the ferrymen who carried Kennedy and his friends back and forth from Edgartown to Chappaquiddick, the owner of the Shiretown Inn, where the Senator was staying, and the local manager of the New England Telephone Co., whose records may disclose what calls the members of the Kennedy party had made, and precisely when.

Dinis had hoped for an autopsy on Mary Jo's body before the inquest, but last week the opposition of the girl's parents succeeded at least temporarily in preventing it. The Kopechne's lawyers won a hearing in Luzerne County, Pa., where Mary Jo is buried, on whether exhumation and autopsy would now be necessary or legal.

The inquest may serve to answer the unanswered questions in what is becoming a peculiar and in some ways tragic episode in American political history. Or it may be that those who might have the answers will stick by the explanations already given, however implausible they seem. For the moment, all of the guests at the Chappaquiddick party continue to preserve what seems to be a preternatural silence.

The Anguish of Edward Kennedy

JOHN and Robert Kennedy died violently, yet their deaths endowed them with a larger grace and the flourish of legend. The youngest brother, Edward Kennedy, is living out a fate that is far more complicated. Having buried his brothers and become a surrogate father to Bobby's children, he is now suffering an ugly species of character assassination that in many ways he brought upon himself. However much he has fallen in public esteem, it is probably in the deeper recesses of his own mind that Kennedy is suffering most and experiencing the harshest judgments. The Grecian aspects of the family's tragedies shade here into the existential. There is nothing heroic about fencing with half-truths, falsehoods, omissions, rumors, insinuations of cowardice.

Since his car drove off the Dike Bridge on Chappaquiddick, carrying Mary Jo Kopechne to her death, the scars of stress and self-doubt have etched themselves into Teddy Kennedy's face and affected his voice and actions. None of his friends expected him to regain his equilibrium soon. Now, among both friends and political intimates, who initially felt that his withdrawal from presidential contention and his expressed intention to remain in the Senate would suspend the harassments plaguing him, there is a growing fear that he is being driven from public life.

"How much can one man take?" a Kennedy intimate asks. By last week, before he left Washington for three days of sailing off Cape Cod, Teddy's complexion had turned sallow and his bright blue and usually merry eyes had become dull and distracted. He had begun to greet acquaintances with a hesitant, questioning glance, as if fearful of their suspicions and doubtful about their loyalties. Frequently he avoids looking people directly in the eye.

Privately, Kennedy has expressed astonishment at some of the speculation that he has read—such as the contention that he had not swum from Chappaquiddick to Edgartown. Why, he wonders, would people think he might have invented such a story? The public attitude, of course, is to wonder why Kennedy left so many odd details—such as the swim to Edgartown—unexplained. In private, Kennedy also marvels that anyone could imagine him so stupid as to attend a sex orgy in his own state, accompanied by a middle-aged chauffeur and girls from his own and his late brother's staff.



WITH TED JR. AT "SPECIAL OLYMPICS"

Kennedy talks somberly about "that night" and about its darkness. If there were indeed any lights along the way back to the cottage, he says, he never saw them. He understands the damage that he has inflicted upon his family and himself. He also ponders these days whether his future usefulness may not have to lie somewhere outside of public life.

Such doubts are spoken in his troughs—and Kennedy has been susceptible in the past few weeks to more than usual ups and downs. After his three-day sail last week, his intention to remain in the Senate and seek re-election in 1970 seemed buoyed anew. Though he retained serious doubts about his future effectiveness, he seemed convinced for the moment that to quit public life would simply be "letting them" drive him out. Still, nearly all his friends—among them the scholarly subalterns of the New Frontier—are worried about him.

Some longtime Kennedy supporters even seemed to be in the process of withdrawing from the family legend, they had served so long. Theodore Sorensen, who supervised the drafting of Kennedy's televised explanation of Chappaquiddick, said on a television talk show last week: "I don't think that that, [his conduct] being so recent in the minds of the public, and that being so clear an indication of his action under pressure, he should try for the presidency in 1972." Privately, some of Kennedy's friends are baffled, and doubting even their own defense of him. A few do not rule out the possibility that he will leave politics entirely.

At the end of the week, Kennedy seemed freshly determined to try to re-establish a normal senatorial routine. In one of his rare post-Chappaquiddick appearances, he and his son attended the "Northeast Special Olympics" for mentally retarded children in Boston. With the coming of the inquest into Mary Jo Kopechne's death, however, Teddy Kennedy's private anguish is bound to intensify. If, as much as anything that the inquest produces, must be counted as a major factor in Kennedy's future.

KILLER CAMILLE: THE GREATEST STORM

EIGHT or ten times each year, the southeast coast of the U.S. is struck by hurricanes. Born over the warm seas of the Caribbean and Gulf of Mexico, these large cyclonic systems result from a peculiar blend of heat, winds, atmospheric pressure and moisture. Anywhere from 100 to 800 miles across, they rage north toward Cuba or Florida, assaulting everything in their path. Usually, however, they dissipate before they do too much damage, or veer out to sea. Only one out of four hit the U.S. They are ordinary enough so that they are systematically named, always after women—Beulah, Flora, Dora.

Last week the Caribbean produced a

Camille blew harder than any hurricane recorded, and the barometer dropped to 26.61 inches, the lowest since a 1935 Florida hurricane. The storm was the deadliest killer since 1957, when Hurricane Audrey took 500 lives in the Gulf area.

Camille signaled her arrival by suddenly turning the Gulf Coast sky charcoal at midday. By 11 p.m., the wind had risen and the barometer had plummeted. Riding waves 22 feet high, throwing rain hard as bullets on its 210 m.p.h. winds, Camille hurled herself at the Louisiana and Mississippi shoreline, uprooting, ravaging, killing in her awesome kinetic fury. In one fearful night,

For survivors, chaos reigned along the coast. There was no gas, electricity or drinking water. Roads were impassable, railroads washed out, telephone lines down. The stench of death was everywhere. Victims' bodies were found in bushes, trees and rooftops; dead animals were scattered along the coast. Medicine was scarce, and there were fears of a typhoid epidemic. Pascagoula, Miss., was invaded by hundreds of poisonous cottonmouth snakes flooded out of swamps.

Looters and black-marketeers added to the misery. Gasoline and drinking water were sold for \$1 a gallon and bread for 50¢ a loaf, until authorities began arresting profiteers. Limited martial law was declared along the Mississippi coast, and National Guardsmen were sent into parts of Mississippi and Alabama to prevent theft.

Survivors managed as best they could, sleeping in automobiles or gutted buildings, drinking warm beer when water was not available. Refugee centers were packed, with victims eating in emergency kitchens. The Red Cross and Salvation Army provided some relief, and the Federal Government sent in 800,000 pounds of food.

Camille was not yet exhausted, however. The hurricane poured up to ten inches of rain on the mountains of Virginia and West Virginia, leaving 62 dead and 110 missing from flash floods. Massies Mill, Va., was destroyed by the rampaging Tye River. "The excessive rainfall took us completely by surprise," said one U.S. meteorologist. Surprise also added to the toll on the Gulf Coast, where it had been thought that Camille was headed for Florida. So, however, did overconfidence in the face of the storm. "Most of these people have been through hurricanes before, and we had no reason to expect that this one would be so bad," said Pass Christian Mayor J. J. Wittmann.

Spoil the View. Warning or no, adequate seawalls, jetties and breakers had not been built along much of the Gulf Coast. The area depends on tourism, said George Metz of the Mississippi Division of Law Enforcement, and "they don't want to spoil the view by putting up a seawall." Some residents' apathy was shaken, however. Said a weary beach-house survivor: "From now on, when they say 'hurricane,' I'm heading north and I ain't gonna stop until I get to Memphis."

Even as the slow, sad task of cleaning up after Camille began, a new hurricane, Debbie, began moving northward from the Caribbean. In an effort to reduce its intensity, a 13-plane armada attacked its core with silver-iodide crystals, designed to bring down Debbie's temperature by turning her water vapor into rain or sleet. Debbie shrugged off the effort and continued moving on her course.



AGNEW VIEWS WRECKAGE AT GULFPORT, MISS.

Death's stench filled the air.

homicidal harridan with the deceptively gentle name of Camille. Camille visited on the Southeastern U.S. wind, rain, and floods of such unexpected scale that Dr. Robert Simpson, head of the National Hurricane Center in Miami, called it "the greatest storm of any kind that has ever affected this nation, by any yardstick you want to measure with."

In its five-day juggernaut, Camille left 300 dead and hundreds missing in five states. The death toll was expected to top 500 as floodwaters receded from inundated farms, shattered towns and cities. President Nixon designated coastal areas of Mississippi and Louisiana disaster areas, and was asked to do the same for Virginia.

Torrents of Rain. Killer Camille wreaked her greatest havoc where first she struck: the southern coast from Mobile to south of New Orleans. She slowed down as she sliced up through Mississippi and Tennessee, then unexpectedly exploded into torrents of rain that sluiced through mountain gorges in West Virginia and Virginia before finally swirling out into the Atlantic to die.

at least 235 were killed. Property damage was estimated at \$1 billion. Cars and houses were smashed like toys, trucks tumbled end over end, giant freighters tossed about and beached. For a time, the ocean reclaimed as much as six blocks of Pass Christian, Gulfport and other hapless Mississippi towns.

Storm Ripped. Gulfport was in ruins, and dozens of other Mississippi towns were severely damaged. The storm ripped up trees, roads and bridges and threw three cargo ships onto Gulfport piers. The hardest-hit town was Pass Christian. More than 100 bodies were found sprawled in the mud of the town of 4,000, and one entire family of 13 was killed. Every house was damaged. Swirling water gouged into a cemetery, ripped open coffins and deposited their ghoulish contents in treetops. A brick building 200 yards from the beach, the Richelieu Apartments, was leveled to its foundation along with other steel and concrete buildings. In the rubble, 23 bodies were found, among them twelve people who, hours before, had ignored warnings to evacuate and gathered instead for a cozy hurricane party.



Littered street in Biloxi where Camille left houses partially intact.



Sections of Richmond, Va., are flooded as the James River crested.



Pass Christian, Miss., resident views ruins of apartment house where 23 died.



Ocean freighters beached at Gulfport, Miss.

THE WORLD

A TIGHTER VISE ON CZECHOSLOVAKIA

AS if in a nightmare, the dreadful events of last summer seemed to be recurring. Across the bridges of the Vltava River, 68 tanks rumbled noisily into Prague. The acrid smell of tear gas hung over Wenceslas Square, where troopers wielding submachine guns faced angry demonstrators. Even the cries of the crowd had a haunting familiarity. "We want Dubček!" shouted the demonstrators, paying tribute to the man whose attempt to give Communism a more human visage had brought Czechoslovakia a heady, hopeful "Springtime of Freedom." But there was a tragic difference. Last August, the tanks and troopers were Soviet. Last week, on the first anniversary of the invasion, the Czechoslovaks served as their own warders.

Crimean Warning. They had little choice. Three weeks earlier, Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev had summoned the Czechoslovak leaders to the Crimea, where he delivered a grim warning: If the Czechoslovaks themselves did not suppress the protests, the Soviets would send in their tanks to crush the demonstrators. As the country marked its "Day of Shame," the Soviets kept their 100,000 occupation troops well out of sight, though they were poised to strike in the event the demonstrations got out of control. There were even rumors that archconservative elements in the Czechoslovak party might provoke serious outbreaks in order to provide the Soviets with a pretext for another intervention.

Conscious of their country's dilemma, Czechoslovak passive-resistance leaders implored the people to engage only in nonviolent demonstrations and to refuse to be baited into fights with the police

Party Leader Gustav Husák, who replaced Alexander Dubček in April, was also anxious to ensure calm—though his government's threats against demonstrations only tended to increase the country's nervousness.

Outraged Bystanders. Two days before the anniversary, crowds in Wenceslas Square clashed with police and troops, who seized on the mildest provocations—even catcalls or whistles—to beat demonstrators and hose them with water cannons. As the crowd around the equestrian statue of St. Wenceslas grew in size, ten armored personnel carriers inched slowly from side streets. "They can't be ours?" a secretary asked incredulously as she emerged from a building. People tried to escape into shops and hotels. At the doorway of the House of Food, Prague's leading delicatessen, a jittery cop shot a man in the foot. Bystanders were outraged. "If I could do as I wish," cried a waitress to one of the policemen, "I would raise my skirt and show you my bottom. That is what I think of you."

The following day, the crowds in the square were twice as large. As 10,000 Czechoslovaks, curious tourists and journalists milled about in the afternoon sunshine, the armored personnel carriers and water cannons appeared again. Without warning, the police suddenly began lobbing tear gas into the crowd. As people fled down side streets in panic, the cops pursued them, truncheons flailing. Before the streets finally emptied late that night, 320 people had been arrested and two killed.

The day of the anniversary itself began calmly. In peaceful protest, all but a few Czechoslovaks refused to ride the public transport, and boycotted shops

and restaurants. In Prague, more than 300 bouquets were piled on the grave of Jan Palach, the 21-year-old student who last January burned himself to death in a protest against the continued Soviet occupation. At noon, to the cacophony of auto horns and factory whistles, traffic braked to a halt and many of the 50,000 people who jammed Wenceslas Square raised their fingers in the victory sign. In a show of defiance, Czechoslovakia stood still for 15 minutes.

Emboldened, the crowd in Wenceslas began shouting. "Husák is a traitor!" "Husák is a traitor!" In response, police lobbed tear-gas grenades. As people fled the square, the side streets were quickly blocked by troops. Bands of helmeted police waded into the fleeing demonstrators, indiscriminately clubbing young and old alike.

Tighter Controls. Upending newspaper kiosks and pulling down scaffolding from buildings, the demonstrators hastily erected barricades, but the police called in army tanks whose steel treads effortlessly crushed the barriers. Police with dogs moved in to seize the demonstrators: in Prague alone, 1,377 were arrested.

Elsewhere in Czechoslovakia, there were both peaceful protests and violent riots. The situation was relatively calm in Bratislava, the scene of severe fighting in 1968, because police allowed the inhabitants to place flowers on the spots where a young Slovak had been killed by the invading Soviet tanks. In Brno, however, two consecutive nights of skirmishes left three demonstrators dead and at least 30 gravely injured.

At week's end, as an uneasy calm settled on Brno and the rest of Czechoslovakia, the government began to clamp



ARMY TANKS CRUSHING BARRICADES

This time, a tragic difference in who the warders were.



PRAGUE YOUTHS THROWING STONES AT POLICE

tighter controls on the country. To justify the crackdown, *Rudé Právo*, the Communist Party's paper, said that the riots were evidence of "counterrevolutionary activity as was known in Hungary in 1956." Many Czechoslovaks feared that the statement might presage mass political arrests and trials.

The party's eleven-man Presidium did nothing to calm those fears. Meeting at its heavily guarded Prague headquarters last week, it announced a number of repressive new decrees. One prescribed jail sentences of up to three months for anyone who defames a Czechoslovak leader or fails to obey police orders. Another gives the government power to

fire teachers who fail to instruct their pupils in accordance with the principles of Socialist society.

In part, the severity of the crackdown is a reflection of the intensity of a power struggle that pits Husák against Lubomír Štrougal, 44, the deputy party leader, who has recently emerged as the No. 2 man in the country's hierarchy. Though demonstrators scrawled the words *HUSÁK-RUSÁK* (Husák the Russian) on walls, the fact is that the Russians do not entirely trust Husák. He is in an unenviable position: rejected by the reformers because he replaced Dubček, disliked by the Czech majority because he is a Slovak and

hated by the orthodox pro-Soviet elements (who imprisoned him for eight years) because he is a nationalist who believes in limited reforms.

Unless Husák can convince his Soviet overseers that he has the country under tight control, he may very well be shouldered aside by Štrougal, who has no compunctions about a return to hard-line police tactics. Yet, in his anxiety to prevent Štrougal from outflanking him, Husák is subjecting the country to an increasingly harsh rule. No matter who wins, it is clear that the people of Czechoslovakia, as they enter their second year of Soviet occupation, are bound to be the losers.

The Lingering Effects of the Invasion

THOUGH water cannon and police truncheons kept last week's demonstrations in Czechoslovakia under control, mere force is not likely to suppress other aftereffects of last year's invasion. Reflecting on the developments of the past twelve months, *TIME* Correspondent Jerrold Schecter reports from Moscow: "The invasion of Czechoslovakia is now regarded as an overt admission of the inability of the Soviet leadership to accept and deal with political and economic change in the Communist world. Though most Soviet citizens accept the official explanation that counterrevolution and the threat of West German aggression required the intervention in Czechoslovakia, the fact remains that the invasion has unleashed forces that will not be stifled either in the Soviet Union or in Eastern Europe."

The most ironic consequence of the invasion may be that it transformed Moscow's most loyal allies into enduring enemies. Betrayed by the West at Munich in 1938, the Czechoslovaks embraced the Soviets as their wartime liberators and protectors. No amount of Communist propaganda can now convince the mass of Czechoslovak people that the Soviets remain their benefactors. As wall posters in Prague put it, *CAIN AND ABEL WERE BROTHERS, TOO*.

Within the Soviet Union, the invasion produced intense disaffection, particularly among intellectuals. For the first time in Soviet history, groups of dissident intellectuals publicly defied the regime in protest. "The secret police have really been shaken by what has happened in the past year," says Russian Author Anatoly Kuznetsov, who last month defected to the West. Kuznetsov may be exaggerating somewhat. But it is no exaggeration to say that the Kremlin has reacted harshly, tightening police controls, jailing some intellectuals and firing others from important posts on journals and newspapers.

In Eastern Europe, the immediate effect of the invasion has been to slow down or snuff out entirely all but the most cautious experiments in economic reform—at least for the time being. Outside the Soviet bloc, the invasion has accelerated the fragmentation of Communist parties into rival factions, a process begun with

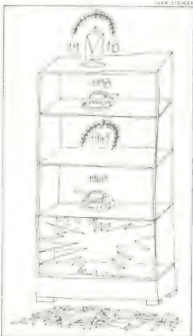
the outbreak of the Sino-Soviet schism of the early 1960s. It also greatly weakened Moscow's claim to be the sole rightful interpreter of the true path of Communism.

In most respects, the U.S. has carried on business as usual with the Soviets. In the area of arms control, however, the invasion may prove to have had a lasting and lamentable impact. On the eve of the invasion, Moscow had advised Washington that it was ready to launch the

Strategic Arms Limitations Talks (SALT) on Sept. 30, 1968 (see *THE NATION*). After the Soviet tanks rumbled into Prague, the U.S. felt compelled to cancel the talks. They have yet to be rescheduled. Meanwhile, the race between the two superpowers to develop antiballistic missile systems and rockets with multiple warheads has gained momentum.

As British Political Scientist Philip Windsor points out in the new book *Czechoslovakia, 1968*, the invasion undermined the West's assumption that growing prosperity in the Soviet Union would lead to greater preoccupation with domestic affairs and a more relaxed political attitude toward Eastern Europe. "This assumption was the comfortable one that 'a fat communist is better than a thin communist,'" writes Windsor. "Unfortunately, it failed to take into account the possibility that if he was pushed too far, a fat *apparatchik* might feel that he had more to lose than a thin *apparatchik*."

Reflecting that feeling, U.S. Secretary of State William P. Rogers said at his news conference last week that Czechoslovakia was "a grim reminder of the difficulties we face in entering an era of negotiations with the Soviet Union." Indeed, the Soviets have demonstrated since the invasion a renewed hostility by denouncing Western attempts at "bridgebuilding" as plots to weaken and destroy Communist solidarity. The Soviet bluster does not mean that the U.S. and the Russians cannot conclude specific, mutually advantageous treaties. But it may well mean that a general relaxation in U.S.-Soviet relations, however desirable, remains a highly elusive goal.



THE BURNING OF AL AQSA

SOON after early-morning prayers at Jerusalem's Al Aqsa mosque one day last week, flames burst from the ceiling beneath its famed silver dome. For three hours, the fire raged, destroying part of the roof and an 800-year-old pulpit of exquisitely carved cedarwood and inlaid ivory, a gift from the Islamic hero Saladin (1137-1193). Before Israeli and Arab firemen could extinguish the flames or anyone could investigate the fire, the entire Middle East was echoing with outraged Moslem demands for *jihad*—holy war.

Al Aqsa is one of the holiest shrines

lorous—the path Jesus took to the Crucifixion—shouting "Death to Israel!" Police blocked them at the fifth Station of the Cross.

The Israelis, who have ruled Arab Jerusalem since 1967, protested their innocence, but in vain. Premier Golda Meir convoked an emergency Cabinet meeting in Jerusalem to offer help in repairing the mosque (the offer was spurned) and to appoint an investigating commission that included two Arab dignitaries (local Moslems named their own board of inquiry). Sheik Hilmi Al-Mustash, chairman of Jerusalem's Moslem

men had been repairing old timbers treated with inflammable linseed oil. Some angry Israelis suggested that, just as the Nazis had burned down the Reichstag and blamed it on the Communists, Al-Fatah terrorists had set fire to the shrine so that the Israelis could be blamed and emotions aroused throughout the Arab world.

Formidable Obstacle. At week's end, however, Israeli police arrested and charged with arson neither a Moslem nor a Jew but a member of the third faith that holds Jerusalem holy: Michael Dennis William Rohan, 28, an Australian ranch hand who has been touring Israel for several months and who, according to the police, belongs to the Church of God, a Protestant evangelical sect. Some reports said that Rohan spoke of a dream in which God commanded him to clear a site in the compound on which to build a Jewish temple. Anxious to damp down the incendiary emotions aroused by the fire, the Israelis held a press conference on the Jewish sabbath—an unprecedented peacetime action—to announce the arrest. Police emphasized that Jerusalem Arabs provided the most important clues by giving them a description of the man and a vest that had been torn from him as he fled from the scene. Said an Israeli police official: "We have enough evidence for any court in this country to convict him."

Whatever the verdict, the Al Aqsa blaze was a disturbing reminder of how deep are the emotions that divide Arab and Israeli—and how formidable an obstacle the control of Jerusalem is to any Middle Eastern settlement.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Limiting the Leadership

No civilian politician has wielded significant power in South Viet Nam since President Ngo Dinh Diem was overthrown in 1963. A succession of generals and military juntas, in or out of uniform, has ruled the country. Civilian ministers have held office but not authority. Premier Tran Van Huong, appointed in May 1968, was no exception. Last week the affable Huong, who enjoys wide popularity among the Vietnamese people, lost what little power he had. President Nguyen Van Thieu replaced him with General Tran Thien Khem, 43, the hard-eyed minister in charge of police and pacification.

Rumors of a government reshuffle had been circulating in Saigon for months. Having said that he was willing to compete openly with the Communists' political arm, the National Liberation Front, Thieu was expected to broaden the makeup of his Cabinet in an effort to match the Front's strong appeal to peasants and intellectuals. But in firing Huong, a politically independent civilian, and replacing him with a soldier, Thieu seemed to be moving in the opposite direction. Rather than broadening its base, Thieu's government was limiting its lead-



SMOKE BILLOWS FROM MOSQUE'S ROOF IN JERUSALEM
Worrisome reminder whatever the verdict.

in all Islam. It is inside a 34-acre compound that also contains the Dome of the Rock mosque, built on the site from which Mohammed is said to have ascended to heaven. The compound ranks behind only Mecca and Medina in importance to Moslems. Al Aqsa itself is considered a particularly propitious place from which to begin a *hadj*, or pilgrimage, to Mecca. Jews also revere the compound as the traditional site of Solomon's temple.

Automatic Assumption. In their fury, many Moslems automatically assumed that the Al Aqsa blaze had been started deliberately—and by an Israeli. Hundreds of Arabs rushed to the still-burning mosque, threatening firemen who were trying to control the blaze and shouting "Nass-er! Nass-er!" When Israeli Defense Minister Moshe Dayan arrived on the scene, he was jeered. An Arab mob coursed down the Via Do-

Council, quickly summoned newsmen to pointedly announce that "a blond, freckled man dressed in khaki, who did not appear to be a Palestinian," had been seen fleeing from the mosque just before the fire. That was all the information that Arab propagandists needed. Cairo Radio called the fire a "premeditated crime." Al-Fatah, the Palestinian Arab commando organization, demanded shrilly in its broadcasts: "Moslems, what are you waiting for? The Zionists are burning down your sacred shrines. How can you face the Prophet Mohammed?" Jordan's King Hussein, whose grandfather King Abdullah was assassinated by a Palestinian Arab gunman in front of the Aqsa mosque in 1951, called for an Arab summit meeting.

At first the Israelis maintained that the fire was accidental. A welding torch was found beneath the roof, where work-



PREMIER DESIGNATE KHIEU
Beyond control or ken.

ership to military men. Later appointments could, of course, give the regime a more heterogeneous character. For the time being, though, there was no room at the top for civilians.

Waning Influence. Khieu, who was involved in the overthrow of Diem and masterminded two subsequent coup plots, joins Thieu and Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky, previously the air force chief, to form an all-military triumvirate. They are expected to take an uncompromising political line at home and at the Paris peace talks.

South Viet Nam's malleable Parliament had set the stage for Huong's removal by claiming that his economic and anticorruption policies were ineffective. To be sure, Huong was an indifferent administrator, a homey type who grows roses and readily admits, "I have never been a revolutionary." Moreover, he is aging (66) and ailing (asthma, rheumatism). Huong's personal shortcomings were not, however, what brought about his dismissal. Thieu, who had not bothered to consult his Premier about major issues for months, apparently wanted a man in whom he had complete confidence to help him through the next political stage in Viet Nam.

U.S. diplomats had strongly urged Thieu to retain a civilian front for his government. Not long ago, such advice might have been swiftly heeded. But with U.S. troops beginning to withdraw, American influence in Saigon is waning and bound to decline further. Former Defense Secretary Clark Clifford wrote recently in *Foreign Affairs* quarterly that Viet Nam's "political realities are, in the final analysis, both beyond our control and beyond our ken." In putting together his new government, Thieu could prove that point emphatically. His decisions might not only be beyond the control or comprehension of the U.S. but might also prove distasteful to it.

TWO FLAGS OVER ULSTER

IN an extraordinary historical reversal, British soldiers last week were deployed for the purpose of keeping Irishmen from each other's throats. Some 6,500 strong, they were assigned their pacific role in Northern Ireland, whose two largest cities, Belfast and Londonderry, were still smoking after four nights of sectarian rioting between Protestants and Catholics.

In the latest manifestation of a bitter heritage of hatred that dates back nearly three centuries, eight Ulstermen lay dead and nearly 800 (including 226 policemen) were injured. Side streets along Falls Road, the principal thoroughfare in Belfast's Catholic section, were blocked by barricades of double-decker buses. British troops strung concertina wire down Crumlin Road, Belfast's religious Mason-Dixon line. To one side fluttered the Union Jack of the loyalist Protestants, and to the other, the tricolor of the Irish Republic had been briefly flown. The flags were apt symbols of the passions that divide Northern Ireland's two contending groups: the 1,000,000 Protestants, who fear eventual absorption by the overwhelmingly Catholic Irish Republic to the south, and the 500,000 Catholics, who have been shortchanged in housing, education, employment and voting rights ever since the six counties that make up Ulster were split off from the 26 counties of Eire in the 1921 partition.

Crumpling Under Pressure. While the cities smoldered, Northern Ireland's Prime Minister Major James Chichester-Clark and his two top ministers flew to London to confer with Prime Minister

Harold Wilson and his Cabinet. It was no secret that the British were irritated with Chichester-Clark for his handling of the situation. A compromise leader who defeated his nearest rival by a single vote in the Protestant Unionist Party's balloting last May 1, Chichester-Clark had proved unable to stand up to pressure. When Protestant militants insisted that a group called the Apprentice Boys be allowed to march in Londonderry to commemorate the lifting of the siege by King James II's Catholic army in 1689, he gave in, despite warnings that riots might ensue.

During six hours of talks at No. 10 Downing Street, Chichester-Clark found himself under pressure once again. Under Wilson's arm twisting, he crumpled. He transferred command of the Royal Ulster Constabulary's 350-man riot squad and of the auxiliary police, known as "B Specials," from the Ulster government to Lieut. General Sir Ian Freeland, 57, the much-decorated British commander in Northern Ireland. Chichester-Clark consented to what amounts to the disarming of the B Specials, who used to keep their weapons at home but henceforth will be required to place them under central control.

Additionally, an investigation into the composition of the regular and B Special police would be headed by Lord John Hunt, leader of the mountain-climbing team that first scaled Mt. Everest. Other British aides will set up shop in the office of the Ulster Minister of Home Affairs and in Chichester-Clark's own office. To Northern Ireland's Catholics, the all-Protestant



BURIAL OF RIOT VICTIM IN BELFAST



DEVLIN AND LINDSAY IN NEW YORK

The time for all people to come together.

B Special force is an object of particular fear and hatred. The Royal Ulster Constabulary consists of 3,000 men, who are on full-time duty, and 8,400 Class B Specials, who serve part-time in emergencies such as the present one and have been blamed for most of the casualties. Two other branches of the Special Constabulary, Class A and Class C, have lapsed. To Ulster Catholics, the B Specials are nothing more than armed hooligans. To such militant Protestants as the Rev. Ian Paisley, an anti-Catholic fanatic, they are "the teeth" of Ulster's defense.

Firmly in Command. Though Chichester-Clark denied that the arrangements implied any diminution of his government's power, it was obvious that the British were in command and that the Catholics had won a major battle. Almost immediately, Protestant hard-liners began demanding the Prime Minister's resignation and raised a howl about the disarming of the B Specials. They complained that they would be left defenseless in the face of the outlawed Irish Republican Army, whose spokesmen were boasting of having sent "a number of fully equipped units to the aid of their comrades in the six counties." Though the I.R.A. is rich in song and legend, the fact is that it has little contemporary muscle. Poorly armed, undermanned (membership estimates go no higher than a few hundred), it has limited its recent activities to firing random shots at visiting British warships or setting up roadblocks to mar a tour by Britain's Princess Margaret.

The Protestant militants might do better to concern themselves with better the visit to the U.S. by 22-year-old Bernadette Devlin, who was elected to the British Parliament from Ulster last spring as a staunch fighter for Catholic rights. While the I.R.A. was doing little more than talking, Bernadette flew to New York to begin raising \$1,000,000 for her constituents back home.

At week's end, with stability largely restored by the British troops, the moderates on both sides seemed to be asserting themselves. Ulster Catholics, vastly encouraged by the promises of broader civil rights and the disarming of the B Specials, reportedly refused to stir up trouble by cooperating with I.R.A. emissaries. A Protestant member of Northern Ireland's Parliament, Dick Ferguson, resigned from the Orange Order, a Protestant organization that virtually runs Ulster. "Now is the time," said Ferguson, "for all people in Northern Ireland to try to come together." Strangely enough, the English seemed on the way to bringing peace to Irishmen.

BIAFRA

Worsening Conditions

Outside the White House last week, a group that called itself Concerned Citizens of Rochester marched with a 7-ft. poster bearing the words: Biafra Postcard. Staring out from the poster with hateful, bulging eyes was a starving child, his ribs protruding and his limbs shriveled. On the reverse side was a message urging President Nixon—who was not at the White House but in California—to act on the concern he voiced during last year's presidential campaign for the Biafrans' plight.

Though other crises in other trouble spots have diverted attention from the war between Nigeria and its breakaway eastern region, that plight remains des-



BIAFRA MARCHERS IN WASHINGTON
Starvation in the stalemate.

perate. In England a conference of the World Council of Churches voted to collect \$5 million from member churches to aid the people of warring Biafra and Nigeria. The churchmen also called on Nigerian leaders to end an air blockade that has kept many of Biafra's 7,000,000 people on diets that are hovering barely above the starvation level.

Kwashiorkor Again. Cut off from all supplies except by air, Biafra needs 500 tons of food by air each day to supplement its crops. Since the recent downing of a Red Cross food plane by Nigerian MIGs (see *color opposite*), relief planes paid for by Catholic and Protestant charities have been able to bring in less than 100 tons weekly. As a result, an often-fatal protein-deficiency disease called *kwashiorkor* has broken out again, mostly among children.

With conditions worsening, Biafra's Chief of State, General Odumegwu Ojukwu, last week sought to break a deadlock with Nigeria over the Red Cross flights. The Nigerians, who shot down the Red Cross plane in retaliation

for raids on their territory by Biafran light planes flown by Swedish pilots, have agreed to resumption of the flights—but only if Biafra agrees to meet two stiff conditions. Food planes must fly during daylight to distinguish them from gunrunners who often head a night for Uli, Biafra's principal airstrip and have proved difficult to distinguish from mercy flights. They must also land at Lagos or another Nigerian airfield to be searched for contraband before proceeding to Uli.

Biafra, which had previously rejected both conditions, finally agreed to the daylight flights but remained adamant against landings in Nigeria. "What's to prevent them," asked a Biafran official, "from seizing a Red Cross plane, loading it with fifty commandos and forcing the crew to take them to Uli to destroy it?" The Biafrans also fear that newsmen and other Western observers will be removed from such planes, thereby depriving Biafra of badly needed foreign publicity.

Pressure on Oil. Under such circumstances, the talks on resuming the flights remained stalemated—as does virtually everything else about the two-year-old war. Neither army is able to mount a consistent offensive. Pope Paul, during his African visit, was unable to bring Ojukwu and Nigeria's leader, General Yakubu Gowon, to a bargaining table. Neither were Harold Wilson, Charles de Gaulle or Haile Selassie, who heads the Organization of African Unity, which meets next month in Addis Ababa to discuss the war.

To secure independence in any peace discussions, Ojukwu is relying on a strategy designed to embarrass Gowon. With sizable oilfields in the Port Harcourt area and in the mid-western region, Nigeria ranks as the world's 13th oil nation in terms of annual output (anticipated 1969 production: 255 million barrels). By attacking the oilfields, Biafra hopes to press the companies (Gulf, Phillips, Shell, British Petroleum and Italian Agip Nucleare) to talk Gowon into negotiations. Though Nigerian officials admit that oil production has dropped 60,000 barrels a day because of the war, the oilmen insist that they have no intention of interlocking in an attempt to achieve a cease-fire. Two weeks ago, to step up the pressure, one of Ojukwu's rocket-equipped Swedish planes hedgedopped to a Gulf tank farm at the mouth of the Escravos River. Biafra claimed that four storage tanks were destroyed by the hit-and-run attack; Gulf said that only one was set ablaze, but it added that one worker was killed and six others wounded.



Irish Bishop Joseph Whelan helps distribute milk to hunger victims. More than 300 relief workers from the Red Cross and Catholic and Protestant charities are in Biafra.

AP/WIDE WORLD

Four crewmen died when this mercy plane was downed at Uli airstrip, Biafra's link to the outside. Nigerian MIGs often patrol overhead to thwart nighttime landings.





Nigerian trapped when his unit was overrun tried to pass himself off as Biafran. But Ibos, who predominate in Biafra, recognized him as a Hausa tribesman and took him captive.

Infantrymen crouched on the Owerri front are under orders to capture food, guns and ammunition from the well-equipped Nigerians. Other weapons arrive on gunrunning planes.

Boy Scouts, members of Biafra's "land army," cultivate sweet potatoes. Air siege has cut relief flights into Biafra, causing food shortages and a new outbreak of protein-deficiency disease called kwashiorkor.



INDIA: THE LADY v. THE SYNDICATE

ONE of her fellow Congress Party members has likened Prime Minister Indira Gandhi to Kali, the Hindu goddess of destruction. Last week that description must have seemed terrifyingly apt to the party's right-wing leaders, known collectively as the Syndicate. In a power struggle that may yet tear the party asunder and pose a grave threat to India's fragile democracy, Mrs. Gandhi directly challenged the Syndicate and won a dramatic victory.

Convinced that classical socialism is the answer to India's manifold economic problems, Indira over the past two years has grown increasingly impatient with the old guard's conservative approach. Last month the quarrel flared into the open. Determined to trim Indira's sails, the Syndicate selected Sanjiva Reddy, 56, speaker of the lower house of Parliament and a longtime foe of the Prime Minister's, as the Congress Party's official nominee for the presidency.* Mrs. Gandhi responded by ramming through the nationalization of 14 major Indian banks. At the same time, she forced the resignation of Deputy Prime Minister and Finance Minister Morarji Desai, a Syndicate stalwart.

Unready for Reddy. Despite her opposition, Reddy's election seemed assured. She had, after all, publicly though petulantly accepted his nomination, and the Congress Party held a 53% majority in the electoral college, whose 861,695 votes are distributed on a popular basis and are cast by 4,137 M.P.s and members of the 17 state legislatures. Then strange things began happening. The Prime Minister's forceful action against the banks won her a measure of popular acclaim, and she carefully cast herself as the people's champion. Hundreds of cabbies, ricksha drivers and scavengers, most bearing flowers, began to stage rallies at her New Delhi bungalow, in what seemed to be spontaneous demonstrations of Mrs. Gandhi's popularity. The meetings had actually been arranged by her backers to unnerve the opposition, but the point was made nonetheless.

Only five days before the presidential election, she made her move. Apparently convinced that the Syndicate was plotting to dump her after the election and form a right-wing coalition, she repudiated Reddy's candidacy. Her personal choice, she indirectly advised her supporters, was Varahagiri Venkata Giri, 75, who had been acting President since Husain's death. It was an unprecedented breach of party discipline, and there was angry talk among Syndicate members that she ought to be suspended from the party.

The Syndicate had even greater cause for anger last week, when the presidential votes were counted. In a stunning upset, Giri won a narrow victory

over Reddy. Left-wing Communist electors backed Giri almost unanimously. About 40% of Congress Party parliamentarians defied the Syndicate to vote for him. Giri polled 420,077 votes to Reddy's 405,427.

The Syndicate could yet avenge itself. When it meets this week, the Congress Party's 21-member working committee could vote to discipline Indira or even expel her, but such action would be subject to later approval by the All India Congress Committee, a far larger forum of 700 delegates. The working committee is considered unlikely to take

who say that I am old," replied Giri, "let them have the benefit of my fist."

For all the powerlessness of his office, however, Giri does have one mighty club: he can dissolve Parliament. Only three times since India won its independence in 1947 has this power been used, and then mainly as a routine prologue to scheduled elections. Should Indira run into serious political difficulty, however, such a dissolution would leave her as caretaker Prime Minister for six months, and thus allow plenty of time to prepare for the required elections.

Anything but Progress. Time, above all, is what Indira needs. For all her talk of socialism, she has offered few concrete plans, and her political victories of the



INDIRA GANDHI, MRS. GIRI AND PRESIDENT-ELECT
Terrifyingly apt description.

the drastic step of expulsion, primarily because it would tear the party apart—and perhaps leave Indira as a non-Congress Prime Minister with leftist support. The alternative possibility of bringing down her government with a vote of no-confidence was all but ruled out by her show of strength among the Congress M.P.s. In any case, Indira is not overextending herself to placate the right-wingers. After the election she made a point of saying: "If some vested interests, without understanding the government's policy, oppose it, they invite their doom."

One Punch. The chief irony of the power struggle was that it revolved around an office that is virtually powerless. As India's President, Giri will spend the next five years fulfilling largely ceremonial functions. Giri himself is not considered much of a mover and shaker these days, though in his youth he was a leading revolutionary. While he was studying law in Dublin, in fact, the British deported him for his enthusiastic involvement in the Irish revolution. But that was long ago, and during the recent campaign his foes hinted that he was becoming senile. "Those

past months have preserved her power at the price of further wrenching apart the Congress Party. Congress has ruled for 22 years, but the national elections of 1967 sharply reduced its once-overwhelming majority in Parliament. For millions of Indians, the stability ensured by Congress Party rule no longer outweighs the drift, indecisiveness, lack of discipline, and corruption that go with it. If the minority parties—right and left—continue to gain popularity, the national elections scheduled for 1972 may well bury the party permanently.

"What is really at stake," writes TIME Correspondent Dan Coggins from New Delhi, "is the political stability that has allowed the 550 million people of the world's largest working democracy to begin their slow emergence from centuries of poverty, ignorance and disease. If the Congress umbrella splinters, sending its diverse elements running in all directions for opportunistic alliances, India might well be plunged into political chaos." By 1972, Indira must therefore prove that the Congress can indeed get India moving. If she fails, her recent political triumphs, for all their flashiness, will count as nothing.

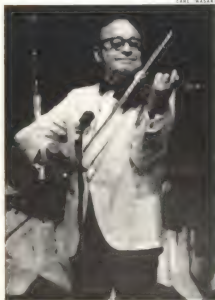
* Vacant since the death of President Zakir Husain last May.

PEOPLE

"O my Beauty Boy—reading Plato so divine! O, dark, oh fair . . ." A melodramatic opening for a short story, but consider the plot: the colored golf champion of Chicago, who reads Plato, loses a leg under a moving train and finally grows it back in Heaven. A magazine fiction editor might reach for a rejection slip were it not for the byline: **F. Scott Fitzgerald**. The unpublished "Dearly Beloved," a forerunner of the black-is-beautiful genre, was discovered among a collection of Fitzgerald's papers at the Princeton University Library, and is included in the first number of a scholarly journal known as the *Fitzgerald-Hemingway Annual*. Written shortly before the novelist's death in 1940, "Dearly Beloved" carries the familiar Gatsbyesque message that reality rarely adapts itself to a dreamer's dreams. It ends with the casual, melancholy remark, "So things go."*

Pizzicato passages, stratospheric glissandi, cadenza after cadenza—the balding, blue-eyed violinist tackled each without hesitation and butchered each in turn, always about a quarter-tone off pitch. Eventually, the concertmaster mercifully took the solo play away from the wounded virtuoso. The Aspen, Colo., audience was delighted by the shenanigans. They had, after all, paid as much as \$50 to see and hear **Jack Benny's** violin act which, like his familiar monologues, is a masterpiece of comic timing. Benny, 75, and his fiddle have raised well over \$5,000,000 at similar benefits, and this one netted \$14,000

* A contemporary novelist, Kurt Vonnegut, uses with frequency a similar expression: "So it goes."



JACK BENNY
Can't play it straight.

for the Aspen Music School Scholarship Fund. Unfortunately, Benny lamented, not all patrons are kind enough to suspend their critical faculties. "In Philadelphia, a woman stood up and exclaimed, 'My God, he's lost his ear.' Ever since then, they've called me the Van Gogh of the violin."

One of America's Apollo 11 heroes has doffed his space suit for the last time. Appearing on TV, **Mike Collins** agreed with **Nail Armstrong** that Mars is a possibility by 1981, then announced that he would make no more journeys into space. At 38, said Collins, he finds the rugged physical training too demanding, and he dislikes the long absences from his family. But, he added, he hoped to continue in the program in an administrative position of some sort.

The rumors have kept Washington gossips busy for months, and now it seems official. **Senator Eugene McCarthy** has moved out of his Washington home and has rented an apartment at the Sheraton-Park Hotel. Neither McCarthy nor Abigail, his wife of 24 years, offered any explanation, and the Senator's press secretary insisted that "no divorce is contemplated." The word in Washington, however, was that lawyers for both sides were at work on a legal separation; after one year, that would constitute grounds for divorce in the District of Columbia.

Scuffling at the recent defection of Novelist **Anatoly Kuznetsov**, the Soviet government pointed to **Vladimir Ashkenazy**, 32, one of the world's great pianists, as an example of a Soviet artist who travels happily in and out of his homeland. "A travesty of truth," replied Ashkenazy (from Greece, where he was vacationing. Indeed, the pianist has not set foot on Russian soil since 1963, when he fled Moscow in fear and disgust. Ashkenazy explained that he had been forbidden to travel for three years after his U.S. tour in 1958, and was later granted an exit visa only on condition that his wife remained in Russia as a "moral hostage." Eventually, Khrushchev gave them permission to travel together, and once they left home, they never returned. "No sane person would wish to run such a risk again," said Ashkenazy.

If the movie is anything like the cast, it ought to be a winner. With **Raquel Welch**, **Mae West** and **John Huston** already in the fold, 20th Century-Fox has just signed smart-set chronicler and film critic **Rex Reed** for a "starring role" in *Myra Breckinridge*. Reed wants everyone to know that he is not—repeat not—playing gay young Myron Breckinridge, who goes under the knife to emerge as **Raquel Welch**. His part now calls for a young writer who is Myra's "alter ego." Rex thinks the ex-



REX REED
Won't play it gay.

perience will help him as a critic and is not afraid of fellow critics' brickbats. "What can they do to me?" he asks. "Destroy my acting career?"

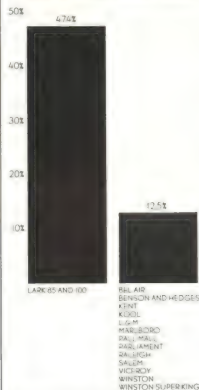
He has survived all the crises and name-calling, and received high marks for his composure. So it was only sensible that Columbia University should finally turn for its 15th president to **Andrew Cordier**, who has been acting in that capacity for the past year. Cordier stepped loyally into the breach—but let the university know of his own desires. At 68, the onetime diplomat and former U.N. undersecretary hopes to return to his old post as dean of the School of International Affairs. He agreed to the presidency with the proviso: "For one year or until a new president is in a position to assume the duties of office."

New York City's embattled Mayor **John V. Lindsay** was on his way to Charleston, S.C., to speak to the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, and a vice president of drugmaker **Bristol-Myers** was flying to the same meeting in the company's jet. How about a lift? asked the Bristol-Myers man. Thanks, said the mayor and he climbed aboard. Then the city's Democratic politicians heard about the ride. They remembered that Section 1106 of the City Charter forbids city employees to accept "any valuable gift" in the form of a "service, loan, thing or promise" from anyone doing business with the city. And they were quick to point out that Bristol-Myers had sold New York \$859,000 worth of drugs last year. Before long there were editorials in the papers and demands for a Board of Ethics investigation—which is just what John Lindsay does not need with election day approaching.

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Lark's Gas-Trap™ filter reduces certain harsh gases more than twice as much as ordinary popular filter brands.

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THE MESSAGE OF HISTORY'S BIGGEST HAPPENING

THE baffling history of mankind is full of obvious turning points and significant events: battles won, treaties signed, rulers elected or deposed, and now, seemingly, planets conquered. Equally important are the great groundswells of popular movements that affect the minds and values of a generation or more, not all of which can be neatly tied to a time and place. Looking back upon the America of the '60s, future historians may well search for the meaning of one such movement. It drew the public's notice on the days and nights of Aug. 15 through 17, 1969, on the 600-acre farm of Max Yasgur in Bethel, N.Y.

What took place at Bethel, ostensibly, was the Wood-



STALLED PILGRIMS ON A ROAD TO BETHEL

stock Music and Art Fair, which was billed by its youthful Manhattan promoters as "An Aquarian Exposition" of music and peace. It was that and more—much more. The festival turned out to be history's largest happening. As the moment when the special culture of U.S. youth of the '60s openly displayed its strength, appeal and power, it may well rank as one of the significant political and sociological events of the age.

By a conservative estimate, more than 400,000 people—the vast majority of them between the ages of 16 and 30—showed up for the Woodstock festival. Thousands more would have come if police had not blocked off access roads, which had become ribbonlike parking lots choked with stalled cars. Had the festival lasted much longer, as many as one million youths might have made the pilgrimage to Bethel. The lure of the festival was an all-star cast of top rock artists, including Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix and the Jefferson Airplane. But the good vibrations of good

groups turned out to be the least of it. What the youth of America—and their observing elders—saw at Bethel was the potential power of a generation that in countless disturbing ways has rejected the traditional values and goals of the U.S. Thousands of young people, who had previously thought of themselves as part of an isolated minority, experienced the euphoric sense of discovering that they are, as the saying goes, what's happening. Adults were made more aware than ever before that the children of the welfare state and the atom bomb do indeed march to the beat of a different drummer, as well as to the tune of an electric guitarist. The spontaneous community of youth that was created at Bethel was the stuff of which legends are made; the substance of the event contains both a revelation and a sobering lesson.

From a strictly rational viewpoint, which may be a dangerous and misleading way of looking at it, Bethel was a neatly symbolic choice for the festival—the Biblical town of that name was a center of idolatry denounced by the prophets Amos and Hosea. To many adults, the festival was a squalid freakout, a monstrous Dionysian revel, where a mob of crazies gathered to drop acid and groove to hours of amplified cacophony. In a classic example of its good gray mannerisms, the *New York Times* in an editorial compared the Bethel pilgrimage to a march of lemmings toward the sea and rhetorically asked: "What kind of culture is it that can produce so colossal a mess?" But even the *Times* can change its tune. Next day, it ran a more sympathetic editorial that spoke kindly of the festival as "essentially a phenomenon of innocence."

There were, of course, certain things to deplore about Bethel. Three people died—one from an overdose of drugs, and hundreds of youths were freaked out on bad trips caused by low-grade LSD, which was being openly peddled at \$6 per capsule. On the other hand, there were no rapes, no assaults, no robberies and, as far as anyone can recall, not one single fight, which is more than can be said for most sporting events held in New York City.

The real significance of Woodstock can hardly be overestimated. Despite the piles of litter and garbage, the hopelessly inadequate sanitation, the lack of food and the two nights of rain that turned Yasgur's farm into a sea of mud, the young people found it all "beautiful." One long-haired teen-ager summed up the significance of Woodstock quite simply: "People," he said, "are finally getting together." The undeniable fact that "people"—meaning in this case the youth of America—got together has consequences that go well beyond the festival itself.

For one thing, the Bethel scene demonstrated more clearly than ever before the pervasiveness of a national subculture of drugs. At least 90% of those present at the festival were smoking marijuana. In addition, narcotics of any and all description, from hash to acid to speed to horse, were freely available. Perhaps out of fear of rousing the crowd to hostility, police made fewer than 100 arrests on narcotics charges. By and large, the U.S. has accepted the oversimplification that all narcotics are dangerous and thus should be outlawed. The all but universal acceptance of marijuana, at least among the young, raises the question of how long the nation's present laws against its use can remain in force without seeming as absurd and hypocritical as Prohibition.

More important, Bethel demonstrated the unique sense of community that seems to exist among the young, their mystical feeling for themselves as a special group, an "us" in contrast to a "them." The festival was widely advertised, but the unexpectedly large crowd it attracted suggests that the potential significance of the event was spread by a kind of underground network. "If you were part of this culture," said



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Rain, and more of it, is a reason to find your own bag.

ALLIANCE/PHOTO



one pilgrim back from Bethel, "you had to be there." In spite of the grownup suspicions and fears about the event, Bethel produced a feeling of friendship, camaraderie and—an overused phrase—a sense of love among those present. This yearning for togetherness was demonstrated in countless major and minor ways: the agape-like sharing of food and shelter by total strangers; the lack of overt hostility despite conditions that were ripe for panic and chaos; the altruistic ministrations of the Hog Farm, a New Mexico hippie commune who took care of kids on bad trips. If Bethel was youth on a holiday, it was also a demonstration to the adult world that young people could create a kind of peace in a situation where none should have existed, and that they followed a mysterious inner code of law and order infinitely different from the kind envisioned by Chicago's Mayor Daley. In the end, even the police were impressed. Said Sullivan County Sheriff Louis Ratner: "This was the nicest bunch of kids I've ever dealt with."

Hippiedom Lives

Youth's sense of community is an *ad hoc* thing: it is suspicious of institutions and wary of organization, prizing freedom above system. In this, as in many other ways, the youth of Bethel displayed adherence to the prevailing spirit of the hippie movement. It is true enough that the manifestation of flower power in Haight-Ashbury and the East Village became a bad scene of gang rapes, deaths from malnutrition and too much speed. It is equally true that most of those at Bethel were not hippies in the commonly accepted sense: a good half of them, at least, were high school or college students from middle-class homes. But at Bethel they exhibited to the world many of the hippie values and life styles, from psychedelic clothing to spontaneous, unashamed nudity to open and casual sex. Youthful imaginations were captured, most obviously, by the hippie sound: the driving, deafening hard beat of rock music that is not just a particular form of pop but the anthem of revolution. The Jefferson Airplane, one of the first and best of the San Francisco groups, sang out the message at Bethel in words of startling explicitness:

*Look what's happening out in the streets
Got a revolution, got to revolution
Hey, I'm dancing down the streets
Got a revolution, got to revolution.*

In its energy, its lyrics, its advocacy of frustrated joys, rock is one long symphony of protest. Although many adults generally find it hard to believe, the revolution it preaches, implicitly or explicitly, is basically moral: it is the proclamation of a new set of values as much as it is the rejection of an old system. The values, moreover, are not merely confined to the pleasures of tumescence. The same kind of people who basked in the spirit of Bethel also stormed the deans' offices at Harvard and Columbia and shed tears or blood at Chicago last summer—all in the name of a new morality.

To Historian Theodore Roszak, the militancy of the student New Left and the dropped-out pacifism of the turned-out types are two sides of what he calls a "counter-culture" by which almost everyone under 30 has been affected. Like the poor urban black, this counter-culture is an alienated minority within the Affluent Society, even though it is made up primarily of the sons and daughters of the middle class. They have seen suburbia, found it wanting, and have uttered "the absolute refusal," as New Left Guru Herbert Marcuse calls it, to modern urban technology and the civilization it has produced. With surpassing ease and a cool sense of authority, the children of plenty have voiced an intention to live by a different ethical standard than their parents accepted. The pleasure principle has been elevated over the Puritan ethic of work. To do one's own thing is a greater duty than to be a useful citizen. Personal freedom in the midst of squalor is more liberating than social conformity with the trappings of wealth. Now that youth takes abundance for granted, it can afford to reject materialism.

It is easy enough for adults to reject the irrationality and hedonism of this ethic. But the young are quick to point out that the most rational and technically accomplished society known to man has led only to racism, repression and a meaningless war in the jungles of Southeast Asia. If that is oversimplification, it is the kind around which ringing slogans are made.

Youth has always been rebellious. What makes the generation of the '60s different, is that it is largely inner-directed and uncontrolled by adult *dovens*. The rock festival, an art form and social structure unique to the time, is a good example. "They are not mimicking something done in its purest form by adults," says one prominent U.S. sociologist. "They are doing their own thing. All this shows that there is a breakdown in the capacity of adult leaders to capture the young." Some other observers agree that the youth movement is a politics without a statesman, a religion without a messiah. "We don't need a leader," insists Janis Joplin. "We have each other. All we need is to keep our heads straight and in ten years this country may be a decent place to live in."

At least two national figures have been able briefly to capitalize politically on the idealism of the young. The knight-errant campaign of Eugene McCarthy was, his enemies said, something of a Children's Crusade. Bobby Kennedy, like his brother Jack, was also able to speak to the New Generation in language that it heard and heeded. Clearly, the passions of the Bethel people are there to be exploited, for good or ill. It is an open question whether some as yet unknown politician could exploit the deep emotions of today's youth to build a politics of ecstasy.

The rock festival has become, in a way, the equivalent of a political forum for the young. The politics involved is not the expression of opinion or ideas but the spirit of community created—the good vibrations or the bad ones, the young in touch with themselves and aware. If Bethel is any proof, this kind of expressive happening will become even more important. "This was only the beginning," warns Jimi Hendrix. "The only way for kids to make the older generation understand is through mass gatherings like Bethel. And the kids are not going to be in the mud all the time. From here they will start to build and change things. The whole world needs a big wash, a big scrub-down."

The Hunger of Youth

Psychoanalyst Rollo May describes Bethel as "a symptomatic event of our time that showed the tremendous hunger, need and yearning for community on the part of youth." He compares its friendly spirit favorably with the alcoholic mischief ever present at a Shriners' convention but wonders how long the era of good feeling will last. Other observers wonder about future superfestivals, if they become tourist spectacles for adult hangers-on. The Hashbury began to die when the bus-driven voyeurs came by and the hard-drug addicts took over.

It is beyond argument that the generation attuned to rock, pot and sex will drastically change the world it grew up in. The question is: How and to what purpose? Columbia Sociologist Amitai Etzioni applauds the idealism of the young but argues that "they need more time and energy for reflection" as well as more opportunities for authentic service. Ultimately, the great danger of the counter-culture is its self-proclaimed flight from reason, its exaltation of self over society, its Dionysian anarchism. Historian Roszak points out that the rock revolutionaries bear a certain resemblance to the early Christians, who, in a religious cause, rejected the glory that was Greece and the grandeur of Rome. Ultimately, they brought down a decaying pagan empire and built another in its place. But the Second Coming of history carry with them no guarantees of success, and a revolution based on unreason may just as easily bring a New Barbarism rather than the New Jerusalem. As Yeats so pointedly asked:

*And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches toward Bethlehem to be born?*

TRANSPLANTS

Why Blaiberg Died

Dr. Christiaan Barnard's—and the world's—first patient to receive a transplanted human heart, Louis Washkansky, lived for only 18 days after his historic operation. But Barnard's second transplant recipient, Dentist Philip Blaiberg, recovered fully, wrote a book about his experiences and displayed such a zest for life that he went swimming on the first anniversary of his operation. Last week, after surviving for an incredible 594 days with another man's heart in his chest—longer by far than any other heart transplant patient—Blaiberg died peacefully in the same Cape Town hospital at which he had received his new lease on life.

The challenge that confronted heart-transplant teams in Blaiberg's case, as it has in all others, was more medical than surgical. The South African dentist was 58 when his own heart reached such an advanced stage of slow, progressive failure that it could no longer pump enough oxygenated blood to support any physical activity. After having been obliged to give up his dental practice, Blaiberg was bedfast. It was problematical whether he would hold out for another month or even a week. In these circumstances, Barnard felt fully justified in removing Blaiberg's heart and replacing it with that of a young "Cape Colored" (half-caste) man, Clive Haupt, who had died of a stroke. The surgical technique, worked out by Stanford University's Dr. Norman E. Shumway Jr., was clear-cut and immediately successful. It was only after the operation that the real struggle began.

Small White Cells. Blaiberg's doctors were at once faced with the problem of controlling the immune mechanism by which the body seeks to reject any invading foreign substance, especially protein. Nature devised this complex reaction largely to protect the higher animals against parasitism and infection by such lowly microbes as bacteria and viruses. But the defense works equally well against tissues from higher animals, including those from any other man (except an identical twin).

The detailed workings of the immune mechanism are still imperfectly understood, but the main outlines are clear. The principal components of immunity are a type of white blood cell, the lymphoid cells. They have the genetically built-in ability to identify other cells as "self" (part of the same body) or "not self" (invaders to be destroyed). In the presence of "self" cells the lymphoid cells remain passive, but if they detect foreign material, they manufacture antibodies to contain or attack the invader. These antibodies are in the form of gamma globulin particles. Some remain on the surface of the lymphoid cells and circulate with them; others, free-floating, circulate in the blood-

stream. Both kinds adhere to cells in the foreign tissues of such organs as the transplanted heart. Which type is more important in graft rejection is still debated. What is certain is that, together, the two types can be devastatingly effective in destroying a graft.

Sensitized Animals. The billions of lymph cells in Blaiberg's blood and other tissues began trying to destroy the alien heart as soon as it was implanted. To counter this intolerance, the physicians on Barnard's team at Groote Schuur Hospital tried to suppress lymphocyte (and therefore antibody) production with drugs: azathioprine (Imuran) and a steroid of the cortisone



UP & ABOUT AFTER OPERATION
Slow but inexorable process.

family. Later, they resorted to a third weapon, antilymphocyte globulin (ALG), extracted from the blood of animals that have been sensitized to react against human lymph cells.

Blaiberg did well for six months, then had an episode of hepatitis. He also had a bout with pneumonia, because the immunosuppressive drugs that had weakened his defenses against the implanted heart had lowered the barriers against invading microbes. Using antibiotics and delicately juggling his doses of suppressive drugs, the doctors pulled Blaiberg through and kept him going for another year, which was marked by only occasional setbacks.

Nonetheless, the process of graft rejection was proceeding inexorably. Lymph cells with their attached antibodies were attacking cells in the transplanted heart muscle and in the heart's own blood vessels, causing inflammation, swelling and formation of scar tissue. By this month, the heart muscle had

been so damaged that it was in no better shape than Blaiberg's own heart had been 18 months earlier. It could no longer pump enough blood to his lungs to pick up oxygen for his body's needs, or to his kidneys to sustain their vital filtering function. As a result, these organs had also deteriorated.

Surgeon Marius Barnard (Christiaan's brother) signed a certificate listing the cause of Blaiberg's death as "heart failure brought about by failure of the kidneys, and pneumonia." Christiaan Barnard was quick to point out that there had been no sudden crisis of rejection like those observed in some other transplant patients; the process had been as slow as it had been relentless. Although there might have been time to find another heart donor, Barnard concluded that the condition of Blaiberg's other organs had so declined that another transplant would be futile.

600% Improvement. In reviewing the causes of Blaiberg's death, Barnard noted last week that medical science has not yet learned to prevent rejection—only to control it, with varying degrees of success. And, he might have added, suppression of the immune reaction is always accompanied by the risk of exposing the transplant recipient to a fatal infection. Thus, in light of the record* and the current state of the art, are heart transplants really justified? Yes, said Barnard, citing figures to support his contention. He has performed five such operations, and his patients have survived a total of 1,101 days—or an average of 220 days. Other heart patients who were accepted for transplants in Cape Town and at Stanford, but who died because no donor became available, survived an average of only 30 days. "So," said Barnard, "we have an improvement of about 600%." There had been no doubt in Blaiberg's mind, as he had frequently testified in his newspaper column, that the added months of life had been deeply satisfying to him and had fully justified the rigors of surgery and hospitalization. The same has been true of virtually all, if not of all, long-term survivors.

Although Barnard declared that he would not slow down his transplant program, other surgical teams around the world were marking time last week, waiting for their medical colleagues to find improved ways to control the rejection phenomenon. They were watching other long-term survivors for clues. The new doyen, Père Boulogne, 58, a Dominican priest who received his transplant in Paris on May 12, 1968, was carrying on most of his normal activities, working on a book and regularly celebrating Mass. He was being checked several times a week by his French doctors, who refused to divulge either the type or the dosage of immunosuppressive drugs being used to keep him alive.

* Of the 141 patients who have had 143 heart transplants (two have undergone two operations apiece), there were only 29 survivors last week.



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PARASITOLOGY

An Uninvited Guest

Most well-scrubbed Americans would be horrified at the idea of having mites crawling around on their faces. Yet almost half the U.S. population may play host to microscopic parasites, which reside in the facial hair of jet-setters and slum dwellers alike. This is the finding of Manhattan Ophthalmologist Jerry Jacobson. He and Australia's Dr. Frank English reported at a New York Hospital conference that among recent adult patients, 40% had mites clinging to the roots of their eyelashes.

The facial mite, *Demodex folliculorum*, has been recognized since 1841, but many doctors have been unaware of its existence, or have forgotten about it. *Demodex* rarely causes discomfort. It might have remained virtually unnoticed if Oklahoma Ophthalmologist Tullio O. Coston had not described its habitat and habits two years ago.

Only in Darkness. Following Coston's procedure, Jacobson plucked several eyelashes from each adult patient. The microscope showed that of 300 patients, 120 had at least one *Demodex* clinging



FACIAL MITE (DEMODEX)
Feasting in the follicles.

to their eyelashes, and some had dozens. The mite appears to favor older people (60% of those over 55 were infected) and shun children.

Because the mite abhors light, it remains burrowed beneath the surface of the skin during daytime, venturing forth only in the darkness. Thus, it cannot be detected even by careful scrutiny in front of a mirror. During its two-week life span, *Demodex* grows up, breeds and dies in the oily pores on the eyelid and elsewhere on man's face without attracting attention. It makes its presence known only when something upsets the ecological balance of the face, encouraging the mites to overpopulate. Then they cause swelling in an eyelash pore, or spread bacterial infections into adjacent follicles during their nocturnal prowling.

The problems caused by the mites—matted eyelashes and itching lids—are best treated, Jacobson says, by careful washings with mild soap. Because *Demodex* feeds on the oily secretions of the hair follicle, women who avoid soaping their faces and use only cleansing creams (which do not remove facial oils) are natural targets for the tiny parasite. Regular washing reduces the *Demodex* population, but no way has been found to drive away all the mites. Until such a remedy is found, Ophthalmologist Coston says, "man must remain the dish of his uninvited guest."

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August 15, 1994

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SPORT

GOLF

The Confidence Man

Things were not going at all well for Ray Floyd. At the finish of the 16th hole, his game seemed to be coming apart. The five-stroke lead he had held at the start of the day was down to one. He had bogeyed the 15th by missing an 8-ft. putt, and now he faced a 35-ft. downhill curler that could easily be the first of three putts. The hole, he said, "looked two miles away." Among the 12,000 onlookers was South Africa's Gary Player, Floyd's playing partner and closest competitor, ready to take advantage of any slip. Floyd did not clutch. He calmly arranged his puddy form over the ball and stroked it into the cup for a birdie. Admiringly, Player walked toward him and extended a congratulatory hand. The gesture was Player's tacit admission that, two holes away from the finish, Floyd had as much as won the 1969 Professional Golfers' Association title.

It was ironic that Floyd had cinched matters with a putt, since putting had been his biggest hangup through all four rounds at the National Cash Register golf course at Dayton. He took a total of 121 strokes on the greens—six more than Player, five more than Bert Greene, who finished third, and eleven more than fourth-place Jimmy Wright. Floyd really won the P.G.A. with his booming, if sometimes errant drives, and with his beautifully wrought iron play. He hit 59 greens in par, compared with Player's 53. There was another ingredient in Floyd's winning eight-under-par score of 276: self-assurance. "I feel superb," he said midway through the tournament. "I just don't see how I can shoot over par." After the match, he admitted: "Confidence is the key to my game. I would have no business being out there if I were not good."

The Other Shoe. Gary Player, who has a reputation for being equally sure of himself, lost much of his aplomb at the P.G.A. He was the target of third-round harassment by an *ad hoc* civil rights group that felt the Dayton Chamber of Commerce might better have applied its energies to the city's ghetto problems than to sponsoring the P.G.A. tournament.

At one point, a program was tossed at Player's feet as he was about to drive. When he walked to the tenth tee, someone threw a cup of Coke and ice in his face. Player turned to his tormentor and asked, "What have I done to you, sir?" A small group of dissidents rushed the tenth green as Player and Jack Nicklaus were preparing to putt. The interlopers were quickly hustled off. "The man who threw the Coke called me a racist," Player later complained. "Just because you're from South Africa, it doesn't mean you're a racist." After the tournament, Player ad-



FLOYD AFTER VICTORY

Not the chasing but the catching.

mitted that all through the final round he had been nervously waiting for more trouble. "It was like waiting for the other shoe to drop." It never did. An increased force of police and security guards was finally able to restore tranquility to the greens.

The disturbances on the National Cash Register links demonstrated that society's noisiest problems have caught up with the sedate world of professional golf. The final round of the National Airlines Open in Miami last March was marred by demonstrations of striking airline mechanics—National's very own. Like the group at Dayton, they timed their brief appearance for maximum coverage by network TV and the press. In April, rednecks at the Greater Greensboro (N.C.) Open repeatedly shouted, "Miss it, nigger!" at Charlie Sifford, one of the tour's black regulars.

Playing Safe. Nothing seems able to distract Ray Floyd from his winning ways. Representing the Lake Havasu Country Club in Arizona, he won the Greater Jacksonville Open in March. In July, he finished four strokes ahead of the pack in the American Golf Classic, lowering the tournament record by 7 strokes at Akron's forbidding Firestone Country Club course. "I played so well, it scared me," he says. So far this season, he has played well enough to win \$109,470 in competition.

That is a large prize for someone whose tournament regime is somewhat less than rigorous. "I get to the course about an hour before a match," says Floyd. "I like to hit for about 30 minutes, putt for ten and then relax. I try to get at least six hours' sleep." There were times earlier in Floyd's continuing

career as a bachelor golfer when six hours was about the total for the week. It was not the girl chasing that wore him out, he insists, "it was the girl catching." His longstanding fondness for Scotch resulted in some memorable mornings after. "I'd go out there and shoot a 66 and feel so bad it was unbelievable," he recalls. During the 1966 U.S. Open in San Francisco, he found a topless go-go joint he liked so much that he bought into it. "I never trained, never was serious, never worked on my game," he says. He admits that he is no more conscientious today.

Then what caused the sudden turnaround in Floyd's fortunes? "All of a sudden I just felt it," he says. His style is strictly "power school," and has not changed an iota this year. "I can hit long when I want to," he explains. "I like to go for the flag. I've never played safe in my life." Never? Well, in the last round of the P.G.A., he began haying the ball to protect his lead and wound up with a mediocre 74. "I've never played with that big a lead before," Floyd apologizes. "But I know one thing, I'll never try to play it safe again. It's not my style."

A Solid Success

As just about every golfer not in the P.G.A. class soon learns, golf balls are deceptively fragile items. They are prone to chipping, cracking or denting when not stroked properly. Keeping an adequate supply on hand makes the game an expensive pastime. Now modern manufacturing techniques are taking away much of the strain. At least four firms, including the Faultless Rubber Co. of Ashland, Ohio, and the Chemold Corp. of Jamaica, N.Y., are making "solid-state" balls that are all but indestructible.

Unlike conventional balls, which have gelatinous centers encased in hard rubber, various layers of rubber windings and dimpled hides of balata rubber, the new balls are uniform in structure. Molded from a mixture of plastic and rubber, they are immune to the kind of slice that can cut ordinary balls to the core. Priced from \$6 to \$15 a dozen, about the same as standard balls, they are sold at sporting-goods counters, in department stores and at driving ranges. Golf-course professionals, however, rarely include them in their inventories; they threaten a lucrative replacement trade.

Frankly designed for the three out of four golfers who never quite manage to break 100 for 18 holes, the solid balls have already captured 10% of a market that this year will sell 9,600,000 dozen balls for \$61 million.

Though some of the solid balls have not yet been accepted for tournament play by the U.S. Golf Association, the players who use them are not complaining. Tournaments are not for the over-par golfer anyway. The only real trouble with the solid-state balls is that—just like the old ones—they are embarrassingly easy to lose.

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You don't just rent a car. You rent a company.

Belted tires: The difference is measured in miles.

There's a revolution in tire development going on at B.F. Goodrich.

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We're making two kinds. The bias-belted. And the radial-belted. Both have belts that circle the tire underneath the tread.

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Now selecting the right tire for your needs is easier than ever. B.F. Goodrich has given you a choice. All you have to remember is good, better, best.

The unbelted tire is good.

The bias-belted tire is better.

The Silvertown radial-belted tire is best.

B.F. Goodrich

**We make the
difference in tires.**



EDUCATION

STUDENTS

The Money Squeeze

Public campuses have traditionally charged higher tuition for out-of-state students than for natives, but this summer the gap has widened dramatically. After surveying more than half its 113 member schools, the National Association of State Universities and Land Grant Colleges reports that tuition fees for the coming year have been hiked an average of 10% for nonresident students, compared with increases of only 3% or 4% for residents.

Individual boosts in out-of-state fees run as high as 50%, particularly at the Big Ten universities in the Midwest, where the influx of students from other areas is especially heavy. Purdue University, for example, is raising nonresident tuition from \$1,200 to \$1,600, the University of Indiana from \$1,050 to \$1,490, and the University of Wisconsin from \$1,150 to \$1,726, a tentative figure that could go still higher.

The primary considerations appear to be rising faculty salaries and dwindling classroom and dormitory space. The tuition hikes are intended to discourage applications from out-of-state students and force those who persist to shoulder a larger share of the real costs of their education. One possible result is that public colleges and universities will become more provincial.

Added Crunch. Beyond that, administrators of the Government's federally insured student-loan program can already see the bad news reflected in a spurt of new loan applications. The added crunch comes at a time when tight money and the failure by Congress to adjust the loan program to the current money market threaten thousands of college and university students.

Since the program began in 1965, banks have lent \$1.4 billion to 1,600,000 students, with the Government paying the interest until after graduation. The trouble is that the interest rate paid by the Government has remained at 7% while the prime lending rate has climbed to 8.5%. As a consequence, some lending institutions have withdrawn from the program entirely and others have restricted new loans to students with whom they were already doing business.

A bill that would allow HEW Secretary Robert Finch to increase the interest ceiling on student loans to 10% has been passed by the Senate, but a similar bill has been stalled in the House by the threat of amendments aimed at curbing student disorders.

President Nixon has publicly assured banks that the legislation will pass; since it is retroactive, he has urged them to proceed with loans as if the bill were law. Even if the President's prediction is correct, countless students will suffer financial and educational losses from

the delay, especially incoming freshmen who are applying for loans for the first time. If the President is wrong and the legislation is not passed, HEW officials conservatively estimate that at least 225,000 students will be denied up to \$200 million in loans.

UNIVERSITIES

Trustees Under 30

College trustees were once viewed as old curmudgeons interested primarily in saving money and having winning football teams. Though the average age of trustees still hovers well beyond the half-century mark, a few schools have begun to foster a youthful image.

The nation's first under-30 university

ed young trustees to their boards regard it as a way to yield to student demands for self-determination without suffering any traumas. Indeed, the new trustees could hardly be called firebrands. Perhaps the most militant of them, Brent L. Henry, a 21-year-old Princeton senior, helped to seize a campus building last March to protest his school's investment ties with South Africa. Henry's plans as a trustee, however, are reassuringly moderate. "I will listen," he said, "to the students and the deans and their views before making decisions. But I do not anticipate any overnight changes." Maine's Steven Hughes, a 26-year-old political-science major, sees his role in much the same way as his 14 older colleagues, whose average age is 57. "My interests won't be much different," he says.

Though youthful trustees tend to be



D'HEILLY



CANINO



HENRY

Whippersnappers welcome.

trustees, most of them recent graduates, have been appointed this year at Maine, Lehigh, Princeton and Vanderbilt. The eight state universities in Kentucky have begun to admit student leaders as ex officio trustees. In Vermont, Wyoming and Washington, legislatures are weighing proposals to name youthful members to state university governing boards.

Last week New York's Mayor John Lindsay appointed two young trustees to the city's board of higher education, which governs New York's 19-campus City University. Maria Josefa Canino, 25, the daughter of a Puerto Rican grocer, is a seasoned Harlem social worker and the youngest person ever named to the board. Jean-Louis d'Heilly, 28, is a doctoral candidate in political science at City University. Last winter he organized a huge demonstration to protest cuts in the university's funds, a move that deeply impressed Lindsay. The new appointments, says the mayor, will make C.U. "more responsive and relevant to the needs of youth."

Many schools that have recently ad-

moderates, they still have definite ideas about how their campuses must change. Henry intends to push for greater student influence in shaping Princeton's curriculum. Like most young trustees, he also wants to see the university become more involved in the community. New York's Maria Canino will use her influence as trustee to modify CUNY's entrance requirements. The university, she says, must "bring in larger minority representation."

Whether young trustees will actually influence their elders remains to be seen. Vanderbilt has made room for four students on its 36-member board, but they are still a compact minority. J. L. Zwingle, director of the Association of College Governing Boards, scoffs at the youth-leaning trend as "cosmetic, not substantive." The real decisions, he says, "are made in the committees of administrators and faculty." Still, many students see the appointment of young people to a school's highest policy-making body as at least a welcome step in the right direction.

ENVIRONMENT

ENERGY

The Dilemmas of Power

The U.S. has an insatiable appetite for electricity. By 1979, the nation's utilities must increase their generating capacity from 300 million kilowatts to more than one billion. They must build at least 250 large new power plants. Meanwhile, they confront rising revulsion against the pollution caused by such plants. Says Lee White, the outgoing chairman of the Federal Power Commission: "The major problem that the industry faces is the sharply increased concern of the U.S. over environmental considerations."

No man is more agonizingly aware of this than Charles Franklin Luce, chairman of New York City's Consolidated Edison, the world's biggest electric utility. Before coming to Con Ed, Luce dealt with environmental problems as Under Secretary of the Interior. An ardent outdoorsman, he now finds himself cast as a villain by New Yorkers, who have long regarded Con Edison as a blatant polluter. Last week they were incensed over Con Ed's request for a 14% rate increase, its second in three years. Con Ed is in financial trouble, much of it aggravated by a longstanding inefficiency that discourages investors. At the same time, like every other U.S. utility, Con Ed is buffeted between uncoordinated regulatory bodies and proliferating conservation groups.

Four years ago, a massive power failure plunged the Northeast into stygian blackness. Last month disaster loomed

again when the million-kilowatt generator at Con Ed's Ravenswood plant short-circuited. Since two smaller generators were temporarily out of order, New York suffered a "brownout" that dimmed lights and made air conditioners wheeze. Last week Luce sighed with relief when "Big Allis" (named for the Allis-Chalmers generator) came back on the line. But relief can only be temporary for Con Ed. It must currently generate 7,350,000 kw. at peak load, and 10.9 million within a decade. Even when it buys power from other utilities, Con Ed can maintain a reserve capacity of only 21%—too slim for the peak demands of New York. Worse, Con Ed is balked in its plans for future needs.

Foes and Factions. Seven years ago, Con Ed predicted this summer's demands, but one setback after another thwarted the company's ability to meet them. The fact that Con Edison was shortsighted and sometimes secretive did not help its planning. Its "keystone" for avoiding another blackout was a 2,000,000 kw. pump-storage plant on Storm King Mountain. By 1967, the plant was supposed to pump water from the Hudson River to a huge reservoir atop the mountain, then release it downhill to run hydroelectric generators during peak periods. Groups opposing the project because it would deface the scenic river gorge won a court delay. Since 1965, Con Ed has tried to appease such critics by investing \$15 million in plans to bury the Storm King powerhouse and create a park along the river front. Now New York City is also protesting that the project threatens its underground water aqueduct. Even with a go-ahead, Storm King could not be built before 1976.

In addition, Con Ed planned to boost its generating capacity with nuclear plants along the Hudson at Indian Point and Montrose. These units were to take the load off city coal- and oil-burning plants. The utility relied on support from Storm King opponents, who had argued that Con Ed should rely on nuclear power, and from city clean-air advocates. One plant was built at Indian Point, but then antinuclear critics argued that the damage to marine life from thermal pollution—excessive volumes of hot water discharged by nuclear plants—was far worse than the smog caused by smoke-belching power plants that use fossil fuels (oil and coal). They also voiced fears about possible harmful radiation effects.

While construction problems set back a second nuclear plant at Indian Point for two years, opponents opened fire on a third Indian Point plant, delaying it until at least 1973. Meantime, the Hudson River Fishermen's Association and the Kolping Society (a Roman Catholic lay group) forced Con Ed to abandon the Montrose nuclear plant. Now the company has negotiated deals for two

DRAWING BY ALAN DUNN © 1977 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.



"I'D LIKE TO SEE CON ED TOP THAT."

oil-fired plants—and irked clean-air crusaders by announcing plans for more fossil-fuel power in New York City.

Pros and Cons. To some degree, every utility in the country shares Con Ed's dilemma. Says P.G. & E. Chairman Robert Gerdes: What lies ahead for the utilities? There may be ways to eliminate steam turbines and reduce pollution, such as magnetohydrodynamic power generation (direct conversion of certain gases to electricity) but such methods are far off. It is hard to choose between the pros and cons of current methods. Fossil fuels now produce 85% of the nation's electricity, but they also produce 50% of the country's sulphur-oxide emissions, 25% of its particulates and 25% of its nitrogen-oxide releases. Even cleaner fossil fuels and combustion controls bring a new problem. As the burning gets cleaner, great amounts of nitrogen oxide and carbon dioxide are released. The former endangers health, and many ecologists say that increased carbon dioxide threatens the earth's oxygen cycle.

New federal and state laws may soon regulate thermal pollution and make nuclear plants more acceptable. Yet many scientists fear the long-term effects of radiation as well as the site dangers of bigger nuclear units. While aggressively promoting atomic energy, which may provide more than 40% of the nation's power by 1990, the Atomic Energy Commission has been unconvincing and often smug in replying to criticism.

Lee White, the retired FPC chairman, maintains that "existing procedures for reconciling the need for new facilities and environmental protection are inadequate." Pending in Congress are various proposals that would create a legal framework by which federal and state



LUCE IN NEW YORK MANHOLE

No one is more agonizingly aware.

regulatory agencies, regional and local planning bodies and environmental protection groups would consult with the utilities during the earliest planning stages.

On Ed's Luce agrees that new mechanisms are sorely needed to allow firm long-range planning. "Our best hope," he said in an interview last week, "is to get more public understanding of the growing demands for power and of the fact that any plant we build will have some impact on the environment."

Is This Blast Necessary?

On the morning of Sept. 4, near the small Colorado town of Rifle (pop. 2,200), the Atomic Energy Commission will set off a 40-kiloton underground nuclear blast that will shake the earth for miles around. Project Rulison is part of AEC's program for developing the peaceful uses of nuclear explosives. It is designed to release natural gas trapped in rock 8,000 ft. underground. If successful, it will be followed by similar detonations with a total explosive yield of 20 megatons, 500 times that of the first blast. The plan has also inspired another kind of blast—from those who are worried about what the detonations will do to the areas around them.

Opposition to the plan has been sparked by the Colorado Committee for Environmental Information, a group of 30 experts formed last year to supply citizens with facts for intelligent protest. The group includes leading lawyers, chemists, geologists and physicists, including Edward U. Condon, former chief of the National Bureau of Standards. In recent months, it has uncovered Army nerve gas stored casually near Denver's airport and probed the whereabouts of radioactive plutonium lost in a fire at a Dow-operated nuclear plant near Boulder. But so far, nothing has worried the committee as much as Project Rulison.

The project will tap an estimated 10 trillion cu. ft. of natural gas under 60,000 acres largely controlled by the Texas-based Austral Oil Co., which is paying 80% of Rulison's initial cost of \$6,500,000. (Austral has contracted to sell the Rulison gas to the Colorado Interstate Gas Company.) No one denies that the blast could be dangerous. To avoid injury from possible shock-wave damage, 35 families living within five miles of ground zero will be evacuated. Residents up to nine miles away have been warned to stay outside of buildings; miners within a distance of 40 miles away will stay above ground.

What most worries the Committee for Environmental Information is the nuclear pollution that may result if the full program of detonations is carried out. They fear that the problem of disposing of the radioactive gas created by these explosions has not been sufficiently studied. Even more dangerous, in their view, is the possibility that underground water supplies might be contaminated by accumulations of long-lived strontium 90 and cesium 137.

In studying Project Rulison, the Colorado Committee cites the results of New Mexico's Project Gasbuggy, the only previous explosion of this sort. "The Gasbuggy experiment caused about a sevenfold increase in gas yield," they report, "but the value of the excess gas was much less than the cost of the nuclear explosive. More important, the gas released from Gasbuggy is too radioactive for use." AEC spokesmen say that the Gasbuggy blast was designed mainly as an experiment to measure the resulting radiation, not necessarily to produce commercially usable natural gas. Because of new safeguards, they predict, Rulison's radiation will be much lower than Gasbuggy's.

It is precisely the Government's wisdom that the Colorado scientists question. "It took the AEC three years to acknowledge that strontium 90 appeared in milk and was a hazard to human health," says Biochemist H. Peter Metzger. "The last time they supervised anything in Colorado, they allowed uranium miners to leave radioactive tailings lying around that could be blown over homes, farms and grazing lands and carried hundreds of miles downstream by rivers. The AEC is always saying things are 95% safe. We worry about the other 5%."

Metzger is pessimistic about the possibility of stopping the Rulison blast, but he feels that the Colorado Committee has achieved something merely by asking pointed questions. "We have encouraged the AEC and the Army to release information which ordinarily they wouldn't release. In the process, we have created a tremendous amount of public awareness. People are beginning to realize they can do something about their environment." The question is, what? The Denver Post has strongly criticized Project Rulison; the American Civil Liberties Union is seeking a court injunction. But Rulison's nuclear device is now firmly in place for the blast next week. On Wall Street, the price of Austral's common stock has more than tripled.

EFFLUENCE

Harvest of Trash

"Our scrap heaps can be aluminum mines," says David P. Reynolds, executive vice president of Reynolds Metals Co. In a small but worthy start toward solving the national trash problem, Reynolds is offering \$200 a ton for the discarded aluminum cans that now cheapen U.S. parks, beaches and roadways. In Miami, Reynolds is collecting 1,500 lbs. of cans a month through Goodwill Industries. In Los Angeles, it is getting ten times that from Boy Scouts, and other profit-minded collectors, who are paid half-a-cent per can. By melting down those cans, Reynolds "mines" re-usable aluminum.

Unfortunately, it takes 40,000 cans to make a ton—quite a labor of love for anyone who hopes to collect \$200 from Reynolds. Meantime, Americans

are tossing out 500,000 tons of refuse each year, and dumping room is getting scarce. Beyond the Reynolds gesture, what can be done?

The ideal container for prodigal America is the edible ice cream cone. In this vein, there is now much talk about "bio-degradable" bottles and cans. But a container that would quickly dissolve when discarded or immersed in water has yet to hit the market. A Swedish firm, Rigello Pak A.B., claims preliminary success with a cardboard-encased, polyvinyl container that is being tested with beer. The company plans full production early next year. The Ri-

NEW ROBERTS PHOTOGRAPHY



RECLAIMED CANS AT REYNOLDS CENTER
Almost as good as ice cream cones.

gello bottle, though, does not actually dissolve. According to its makers, it can be crumpled easily for tidy discarding and eventually rots.

In the short run, the best bet for alleviating the litter problem may well be the old deposit system. In recent years, U.S. container makers have turned to no-deposit bottles and cans because they save handling and storage costs. Moreover, Americans have grown too affluent to claim the tiny deposit per bottle.

Now a number of state legislatures are discussing proposals to ban non-returnable bottles. In addition, there is talk among Federal officials about a possible "effluent" tax on a variety of consumer containers. In effect, this might resemble the deposit system. The consumer would pay a small tax per can, then get his money back when he returned the can for re-use. It is an ingenious idea, but it will need far more political support before it can come to pass.

These young scientists at Bell Laboratories are making major contributions to communications technology, just as Bell Labs scientists before them created the transistor, the solar battery, the Telstar® satellite, and other revolutionary inventions.

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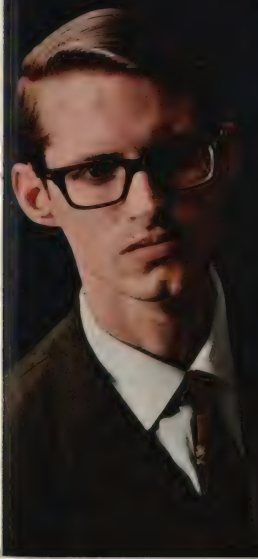
Martin Lepselter solved one of the trickiest problems in microminiaturized electronics—he got rid of the hairfine wires that we once used in making connections to pinhead-sized “integrated circuits.” Marty came up with “beam leads” instead. They’re small and strong and can be mass produced. He now heads the exploratory semiconductor technology department.

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John Copeland, shortly after joining us, invented a new device to generate the microwaves that carry long-distance telephone calls. He then designed a machine that electrically explores materials from which things like transistors are made...and checks how well they’ll do their job. Now, he is seeking better components for computers and other modern electronic systems.

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Fathers of invention





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THE LAW

PROPERTY RIGHTS

Who Owns the Beaches?

...The beaches, all sand, earth and ground, really belong to the public.

That recent claim by Miami Beach Mayor Jay Derner did not endear him to the owners of the city's luxury hotels, who proudly advertise their beaches as private and even hire guards to chase away non-guests. Beachgoers in other parts of the U.S. may also be skeptical. As many of them have learned this summer, the beaches are not always open to all. In fact, more and more resort towns now boast beach laws that effectively bar anyone but a resident.

Under common law, the states own the portion of the beaches that lies between low and high water marks: the so-called "wet sand" is thus open to anyone. But it has never been made clear whether a person has the right to cross private property to gain access to that public land. In fact, some states grant vested rights in the beaches to the localities, which also claim authority to enforce restrictions on bathing by virtue of their police power. As a consequence, the law varies enormously from state to state and the rights of the public remain ill-defined.

On Long Island's South Shore, many towns issue parking stickers for supposedly public beaches only to residents or those who rent local houses for the summer. In East Hampton, for example, any other visitor who wants to swim may have to park his car as far as a mile away and walk to the beach. In Massachusetts, the owner of the upland part of the beach may prevent anyone from crossing it to bathe there. That prerogative derives from a colonial or-

dinance of the Massachusetts Bay Colony (1641), which authorized only fishermen and hunters to cross a private beach. On the New Jersey shore, the snobbish resort of Deal forbids any waterfront property owner or occupant to allow even his own guests to swim from the beach. The rule has rarely been enforced in the past, but when the friends of a wealthy lumber dealer began splashing in the surf at a clam-bake this summer, the police issued a summons to one guest. He was later fined \$200 in court, although the sentence was suspended.

Curbing Coneys. Today, whenever a beach town becomes fashionable, the residents begin to worry about an invasion by strangers. Deal Police Chief John Rehm Jr. defends his community's bathing restrictions on the ground that they are necessary to prevent Deal from turning into "another Coney Island." Officials in Washington, D.C., note that a few states and towns have withdrawn applications for federal money to help buy beachfront property under the "Open Space" program. Reason: all such beaches must be open to the public.

Because of the heavy demand for waterfront property, the number of beaches that remain open to the public is shrinking. Of the land suitable for recreation along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts more than 90% is privately owned. The State of California has so many miles of beaches that, for the moment, its inhabitants need not worry about a place to swim, but a recent court fight may prove ominous. The state lost a suit against a real estate firm that ran a fence in Marin County across the beach almost to the summer high water mark. Since the mark is 80 feet higher during winter, the state want-

ed the company to move the fence with the seasons. An appellate court indicated that the fence may go to an average high water mark—which means that the beach would be completely closed off at times during the year.

No Fence. A similar case will be argued next month before the Oregon Supreme Court. In that state, a motel owner is appealing a lower court decision that denied him the right to erect a fence around a beach. The state claims that the public has traditionally had the right to cross the dry sand area to reach the wet sand. Moreover, a 1967 law requires anyone who wants to build a fence on this land to first get state permission. Texas passed an "open beaches" law in 1961 that permits public access to all beaches in the state. Nonetheless, because of public indifference, land speculators and motel owners continue to close off beach land.

As for Miami Beach, Mayor Derner charges that the hotel owners have "stolen the beaches" by persuading previous city councils to grant them broad rights to the property. In reality, Derner argues, they only hold the land in trust for the public. Two years ago, he persuaded the city council to file a suit against the mammoth Versailles Hotel as a test case. As the nation becomes more concerned with preserving its recreational resources for all the people, there is likely to be more litigation—and perhaps legislation—to reassert the rights of the public to the beaches.

JUDGES

Skolnick's Guerrilla War

Almost every losing plaintiff yearns for revenge. But what if he is poor, confined to a wheelchair and has no law degree? Despite those handicaps, a Chicago polio victim named Sherman Skolnick fought back so hard that last month two members of the Illinois Supreme Court resigned amid charges of conflict of interest brought by him. Moreover, the revelations about those judges—Chief Justice Roy Solfsburg and Associate Justice Ray Klingbiel—have inspired a committee of the state legislature to embark forthwith on a "top-to-bottom inquiry into the entire judiciary in Illinois."

When Skolnick was 34, his parents lost a lawsuit against a brokerage house that they had accused of frittering away a stock fund set up for their son. Skolnick, now 39, recalls: "I kept running into judges who seemed unfair, dishonest and politically motivated." He was so embittered that he set out to improve Illinois justice by investigating judges and reforming the system under which they are elected in the state. The son of an immigrant garment cutter from Russia, Skolnick dropped out of Roosevelt University, where he was an A student but required special transportation to the campus, which he could no longer afford. Later, he taught himself law at home and carved a full-time career as a sort of modern day



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Sometimes not even the guests are invited.



**Mother Brown
has survived
the Civil War, the
Spanish-American War,
World War I,
World War II,
the Korean War, and
the Vietnam War.**

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Mother Brown
lives long enough
to see peace.
But time
is running out.
Mother Brown
is 116 years old.

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Among his early efforts, Skolnick brought suits to reapportion electoral districts for the Illinois Supreme Court and the state appellate court, the Cook County board of commissioners and the Chicago city council. In the process, he devised a strategy called "guerrilla law," which he defines as an "unorthodox but legal means of fighting judicial improprieties." His favorite tactic is to move that a judge disqualify himself from a case because of alleged bias. During a 1966 suit calling for reapportionment of city-council electoral districts, Skolnick discovered that Federal Judge William J. Campbell had once been a director of the Albert Parvin Foundation. He charged that the foundation had ties with Chicago gamblers and political bosses. "Whatever the truth of the accusation, Campbell named two prominent lawyers to hear the evidence for him. As a result of their report, he ordered the district boundaries redrawn by November 1970.

Skolnick lives in his parents' modest duplex home on Chicago's South Side, supported mainly by his father's union pension and social security benefits. He can move his wheelchair, but only with difficulty, and must be chauffeured to his press conferences and court appearances. Working with him are 30 or so volunteers whom Skolnick has organized into the Committee to Clean Up the Courts. Like him, most of them have grievances against the courts. Each week, they pore over stock records, title transfers and other documents for evidence of judicial mischief. The eyes and ears of Sherman's guerrilla army are a network of informers who range from lawyers and cops to federal agents.

Rare Humility. Three years ago, Skolnick's committee began hearing rumors of conflicts of interest involving the Illinois Supreme Court. Last February, an anonymous tipster told Skolnick to check the stockholders of Chicago's Civic Center Bank & Trust Co. Sure enough, the name of Justice Klingbiel turned up. Skolnick also learned that Klingbiel was a stockholder in 1967, when the court exonerated the bank's general counsel, Theodore J. Isaacs, from charges of conspiring to defraud the state while serving as Illinois' director of revenue. Moreover, Klingbiel had written the majority decision.

Skolnick also claimed that Chief Justice Solfsburg had been serving secretly as counsel to the bank—a charge that was never substantiated. When the Illinois high court appointed a commission of leading lawyers to investigate his claims, Skolnick cried "whitewash," refused to cooperate, and was sentenced to four months in jail for contempt. He was hauled out of the courtroom in

his wheelchair and loaded into a police van. He later assisted the commission, however, and the contempt order against him has just been dropped. With rare humility, Skolnick told the judge: "If I offended you, I apologize."

Skolnick's whitewash charge was wrong. Both Klingbiel and Solfsburg admitted to the commission that they had owned stock in the Civic Center Bank at the time they voted with the 4-to-2 court majority to clear Isaacs. The commission heard testimony that Klingbiel had accepted a gift of 100 shares transferred from Isaacs, and Solfsburg had bought 700 shares of Isaacs' stock at a cut rate while the case was before the court. Moreover, after voting to quish the indictment against Isaacs, the testimony indicated, Solfsburg began to



DEFIANT SKOLNICK AFTER CONTEMPT CITATION
Robin Hood for losers.

sell the shares off at a 25% profit. Concluding that the incident had severely shaken public confidence in the court, the commission urged the two Republican judges to resign. Two days later, while publicly denying any wrongdoing, they did so.

Skolnick promises more revelations about other judges. "We have angles on top of angles," he says. Some people believe that his guerrilla war verges on neo-McCarthyism. Still, the state legislature's investigators have now requested financial reports from all 600 state judges in Illinois. The Chicago Bar Association has also called on the state to adopt the "Missouri Plan," under which all future state judges would be appointed by the Governor from lists of qualified candidates submitted by a non-partisan commission. However brash his tactics, Sherman Skolnick is one little man who may instigate real reforms.

* Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas broke his ties with the Parvin Foundation this year. Douglas was criticized for accepting consultant fees of \$12,000 a year from the foundation, which Senator John Williams of Delaware claimed had links with Las Vegas gamblers.

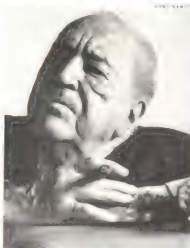
Mies van der Rohe: Disciplinarian for a Confused Age

LOOK up—and anywhere in the U.S. the building, if it is relatively new, and certainly if it is of steel, will bear traces of Mies van der Rohe. In a time of confusion, he was a purist. In an era of innovation, he was a disciplinarian. He found shapes for the new possibilities of glass and steel, and the architecture of the world has never been the same since. Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, who died in Chicago last week at the age of 83, never realized the extent of his fame. "It is bad to be too famous," he once remarked. "Greek temples, Roman basilicas and medieval cathedrals are significant to us as cre-

skyscrapers that followed. He considered concrete, and in 1922 designed an office building with the continuous strip windows that are now a near cliché. He considered the room as a planning unit and concluded that it could be dispensed with, proving his contention in his famed German Pavilion for the 1929 International Exposition in Barcelona. Since then, his low buildings have been characterized by a single floating roof, their spaces divided by free-standing, often movable walls that became the essential unit of his interior planning.

son, Architect Dirk Lohan, "but personally I believe that the special climate and pace of Chicago helped him to create what he did."

"God in Details." Very probably it did. With its assortment of Louis Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright buildings, the city was certainly receptive to architectural innovations. For its part, the institute not only gave Mies free rein to organize his school but asked him to design a 22-building complex for its campus. In the years that followed, Mies designed dozens of landmark structures



MIES VAN DER ROHE

ations of a whole epoch rather than as works of individual architects. Who asks for the names of these buildings?"

Succeeding generations will know Mies' name, and perhaps even apply it to the epoch. Mies laid down a fundamental creed of honest structure. Skin-and-bones architecture, he called it. Born in 1886 in Aachen, Germany, he received no formal architectural education. But he learned from his father, a master stonemason, to value the particular heft and quality of pure materials. One of his first jobs consisted of designing stucco ornaments for a local architect—"full-size details of Louis XIV in the morning, Renaissance in the afternoon." The experience left him with a lasting disdain for the falseness of decoration and a lasting relish for the honesty of materials. His buildings sprang from them, not from any abstract notion of forms.

Glass Prototype. He considered glass, and in 1919 designed a 20-story all-glass office tower for Berlin which, though never built, is the admitted prototype of all the great glass-and-metal

REUTEMAN



ILLINOIS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY'S CROWN HALL (1955)

His favorite of these was the Illinois Institute of Technology's Crown Hall, where the giant, 220-ft.-wide roof, suspended on four trusses, hovers almost weightlessly over the huge inner space.

The Barcelona pavilion, a low-slung one-story jewel brilliantly combining such elegant materials as travertine, Tivoli marble, gray glass, onyx and steel, was Mies' first major public building to demonstrate many of these concepts. It immediately established its designer as a master. The following year he replaced Walter Gropius as the director of the Dessau Bauhaus, only to close up the experimental workshop three years later in protest against Nazi restrictions. In 1938, an invitation to head the school of architecture at the Armour Institute (since renamed the Illinois Institute of Technology) led Mies to Chicago and the full flowering of his genius. "He always said he would have created the same things if he had stayed in Germany," says Mies' grand-

in cities around the world, each distinguished by structural economy, elegant materials and an absolute perfection of detail. "God is in the details," Mies would say, and he spared no pains to achieve that perfection.

When no existing furniture quite matched the modern grandeur of his Barcelona pavilion, he designed his own tables, stools and chairs in leather, steel and glass—which have since become classics in themselves. For Manhattan's Seagram Building, in its muted bronze and pink-glass majesty the country's most handsome office building, he had a mock-up made of the bronze mullions that hold the vertical windows in place. They are H-shaped in cross section, and Mies elaborately studied the dimensions of their outer edge for the shadow line it would cast on the enclosed windows and how it would relate to the whole 38-floor-high vertical scale. An added 1/16 of an inch, translated into bronze, projected to the build-

ing's full height, and multiplied by all the millions involved, might mean added thousands of dollars in construction costs. Mies was unintimidated. As one of his friends said recently, he insisted on simplicity, no matter what it cost.

He was equally demanding of the building's occupants. Each day, as darkness falls, all the ceiling lights in the Seagram offices automatically turn on at a set intensity, so that the building will stand against Manhattan's evening skyline just as Mies planned that it should. Similarly, any tenant moving into his apartment houses on Chicago's Lake Shore Drive has to accept the gray fiber-glass curtains that Mies specified for their floor-to-ceiling windows. A bon vivant who enjoyed fine-tailored suits, gourmet food, and huge cigars, Mies once contemplated moving into his own building, then decided to remain in his old-fashioned, high-ceilinged apartment nearby. Visitors there found it characteristically spartan, decorated simply with black leather settees and easy chairs and a superb collection of Paul Klee's paintings lining the white walls.

The Most Good. "At its best, architecture touches and expresses the very innermost structure of the civilization from which it springs," Mies said. "I have tried to make an architecture for a technological society. I have wanted to keep everything reasonable and clear—to have an architecture that anybody can do." To a large extent, he succeeded. Summarizing his achievement in a speech some time ago, Architect Philip Johnson said: "Le Corbusier invents, invents magnificently and, as at Ronchamp, makes a new shape of monument for the world to admire. Mies purifies and purifies till, as at Seagram, he makes the paradigm for America's tall building. 'I don't want to be interesting. I want to be good,' he liked to say. Ronchamp is more amazing; Wright's Guggenheim far more extraordinary; but the Seagram Building may perhaps be the most 'good.'"

In one sense, Mies was in a state of momentary eclipse at his death. His lessons by now have been so absorbed into architectural thought that the young have often felt impatient at the Mies formulas, the "less is more," the implicitly arrogant demand to produce something more spare, more pure. Mies' discipline is demanding, and except in his hands, a confining one. No one can build a better Seagram Building. And by its very austerity, Mies' esthetic provides no vocabulary for a whole city landscape—a topic that obsesses most young architects, who talk not of individual buildings but of "reshaping the urban environment." A city, or even an avenue lined with Seagram Buildings would be a desolation.

Austere Standard. Mies' vocabulary is one of yes and no, of the perfect and the imperfect. There is little room for adjectives or adverbs, and in the face of this unrelenting demand, lesser architects boggle or, refusing the chal-



DESIGN FOR BERLIN SKYSCRAPER (1919)

MANHATTAN'S SEAGRAM BUILDING (1958)



lenge completely, invent a different vocabulary of their own.

Mies' death closed one of architecture's more glorious chapters. Along with Frank Lloyd Wright, the arch individualist who pioneered an organic approach to space, Le Corbusier, the daring gambler with expressive form, and Walter Gropius, the dogged exponent of functionalism—all dead now—he had shaped the buildings of the 20th century. Whoever successive generations may follow, or aspire to emulate, they must take Mies into account. He set down principles and raised standards for construction from which there can be no retreat.

MUSEUMS

Of Gifts and Taxes

It seemed like only a minor clause in the omnibus tax-reform bill passed by the House of Representatives three weeks ago by the lopsided vote of 394 to 30 (TIME, Aug. 15). But it has museum officials from coast to coast up in outraged arms. The clause eliminates the tax-free status of art donated to museums—and thereby strikes at the heart of the way in which U.S. museums have been built. In Europe, the great museums, from the Louvre and the Prado to the Uffizi, house collections that were initially accumulated by kings and princes. Most are still supported by state funds. In the U.S., by contrast, museums began and have largely continued as communal institutions that relied on the generosity of private donors to make great art available to the public.

In the past, a collector who wished to give his Rembrandt to the Metropolitan could claim its current market value as a tax deduction. Unless the new law is amended before its passage by the Senate, the collector will have the dubious alternatives of a) deducting a work's original cost—rather a wrench if he had the wit to buy it 20 years ago—or b) claiming its current value and paying capital gains tax on the difference between that and its initial cost. Neither alternative is apt to encourage the philanthropic spirit. "Countless treasures that come to us under the present tax laws will be cut off entirely," says Perry Rathbone, director of Boston's Museum of Fine Arts.

In Manhattan, the Association of Art Museum Directors called an emergency session to mobilize opposition. The Ways and Means Committee inserted the provision chiefly because some donors in the recent past have claimed exaggerated values for run-of-the-mill works. The museum men point out that such abuses have been sharply curtailed since the Internal Revenue Service established an advisory panel of experts 14 years ago to help assess the fair market value of donated art. In 1968, the panel reviewed 500 donations and disallowed 25% of their claimed \$20 million value. So far, not one donor has officially challenged their decisions.

RELIGION

ROMAN CATHOLICS

"A Joyful Place"

Aztec emperors used to vacation in Cuernavaca. Hernando Cortes claimed it for his own and built a palace and cathedral there. Tourists, expatriates, and weekenders who drive the 50 miles from Mexico City know it lovingly as the town of "eternal spring": bougainvillea spills over its ancient walls and flowering jacarandas tower above its sparkling blue swimming pools. But for all its reputation as a garden hideaway for the international set, the flower that blooms most remarkably in Cuernavaca these days is a vigorous new variety of Roman Catholicism. Its most dedicated

op of Cuernavaca in 1952, he did not enter the job as an innovator. Then, shortly after his consecration, he spent some time at Father Grégoire Lemerrier's fledgling Benedictine monastery in the Cuernavaca suburbs, where he was impressed with both the pastoral uses of the monks' experimental worship services and the strikingly different religious art that complemented them. The bishop asked the monastery's principal artist, Fray Gabriel Chávez de la Mora, to help him refurbish the city's 400-year-old cathedral. Gloomy Victorian clutter was stripped away, revealing priceless 17th century murals, and the neoclassic high altar was replaced by a simple modernistic sanctuary designed

in, frame, unembellished by either a peccatorial cross or episcopal ring. His book-cluttered residence is staffed only by volunteer students; nearby nuns send in his meals. He spends much of the time each week rocketing around the dusty roads of his diocese in a little Opel, saying Mass in homes of poor villagers. Méndez Arceo even calls himself a *Zapatista*, after the area's favorite native son, Peasant Revolutionary Emiliano Zapata.

Don Sergio's enthusiasm spills over to his priests. Regional groups of priests meet voluntarily every week to discuss sermon topics and common solutions to pressing problems; all of the diocese's 100 priests meet twice monthly to discuss similar issues with Méndez Arceo himself. The meetings are characteristically free: last spring some of the priests publicly criticized the Mexican hierarchy for dragging its feet on putting into practice the reforms of Vatican II.

The bishop himself—usually an affable, conciliatory man who speaks kindly of his conservative peers—can also be outspoken. At Vatican II, he defended psychoanalysis, in obvious sympathy with Lemerrier's monastery. Last May he journeyed to Rome to plead the case for CIDOC and former Monsignor Illich, who had resigned the active ministry after an inquisitorial Vatican proceeding (TIME, Feb. 14). The ban has since been modified, and priests and nuns may study at Illich's center as long as their superiors monitor their progress.

No idleness. Somehow, everyone stays a part of the Catholic community in Cuernavaca. Grégoire Lemerrier and most of his monks are now laymen, operating a psychoanalytic center near the old monastery grounds. Their elegant religious art is still sold on the cathedral grounds, and Lemerrier, now married, is still close to the bishop. Ivan Illich's center, legally a secular institution, is now secular in mood as well, and currently has a record enrollment of more than 600, including many non-Catholics. Méndez Arceo still speaks warmly and publicly of Illich's "participation in Cuernavaca's Christian community."

A clue to the success of Don Sergio's all-embracing pastorate may lie in the work of a protégé, Father William Bryce Wasson Wasson missed ordination in the U.S. because of poor health, came to Cuernavaca to recuperate, and was ordained by Méndez Arceo. Today he presides over a remarkable orphanage that Psychoanalyst Erich Fromm recently praised as "really rare—an institution that has happy orphans." The secret, says Fromm, is that each of Wasson's 900 orphans knows "he will not be expelled or abandoned for any reason"—yet at the same time he is "expected to contribute, not to fall into idleness."

There is no idleness in Don Sergio's diocese either—nor any dread of sudden expulsion. It is rather, says Leroy Hoinacki, a former Illich colleague now at U.C.L.A., "a symbol and a source of inspiration. It is a joyful place, with no fear, no suspicion. Any young priest, sister or layman who has hopes of be-



BISHOP ARCEO SAYING "MARIACHI MASS" AT CUERNAVACA
Vigorous new blooms from a dedicated gardener.

gardener is Cuernavaca's bishop, the Most Rev. Sergio Méndez Arceo.

To some church conservatives, the flowering of Cuernavaca Catholicism has seemed something of a wild growth. A promising experiment in psychoanalysis at a Benedictine monastery in Cuernavaca (TIME, Dec. 2, 1966) ended in a Vatican ban of the practice and the disbanding of the monastery. More recently, Rome forbade the enrollment of priests in Monsignor Ivan Illich's Center for Intercultural Documentation (CIDOC) in Cuernavaca, a school that prepares North Americans and Europeans for work in Latin America with heavy doses of political and social orientation. Still, while these two pioneering experiments remain important factors in Cuernavaca's Catholic life and have influenced it enormously over the years, they are only part of the deep-ranging revitalization of the diocese's Christian life that has characterized the episcopate of Méndez Arceo.

When Don Sergio, 61, became bishop

by De la Mora. The result is a stunning example of religious architecture.

More recently, Méndez Arceo embellished the cathedral with a different kind of innovation, this time borrowed from CIDOC—a "Pan-American" Mass, complete with traditional Latin American rhythms, bangles, mariachi, strumming guitars and wailing trumpets. The cathedral is packed every Sunday for the two "mariachi Masses," and many in the crowd are young men, an unusual sight in Latin American churches. After Mass, the bishop mingles with the crowd outside, chatting in one or another of five languages with foreign visitors, and pausing occasionally to give a parishioner a warm abrazo.

Homespun Cotton. "I take ideas from others," says Méndez Arceo, "I must enrich myself from others." But he adds touches of his own. For liturgical ceremonies, he wears only homespun cotton vestments and carries a plain wooden shepherd's crook; otherwise he just wears a baggy black clerical suit on his 6-ft. 2-

ing a Christian, especially within the structure, looks to Cuernavaca and Don Sergio. They are living the Gospel as it should be lived," German Catholic theologian Johannes Metz agrees. Don Sergio's benign but active leadership, says Metz—who is dedicating a new book on church reform to the bishop—provides a model of diocesan government that could profitably be emulated throughout the Catholic Church.

FAITH AND POLITICS

The New Crusader

"Praise Jesus!" cried the young souvenir sellers around Jerusalem's holy places. "Hallelujah!" The boy vendors had recognized a familiar figure—portly Evangelist Billy James Hargis, 44, who this month led his 31st to the Holy Land. With him were 23 members of his anti-Communist Christian Crusade, seeking, said Hargis, "a spiritual blessing and reaffirmation of faith." But there was a bonus. "Our trips to Israel are not only religious," Hargis reminded his faithful entourage. "I want you anti-Communists to meet anti-Communists in other parts of the world. Israel is a bastion against Communism."

The ideological message was as familiar as the pilgrim leader himself. Billy James Hargis has been stumping for the anti-Communist cause ever since 1948, when, as a 23-year-old independent Christian Church pastor, he discovered its vast potential. He has been finding auxiliary causes ever since: the godlessness of the United Nations, the injustice of forced desegregation and, most recently, the immorality of public-school sex education (TIME, July 25)—an issue that may well be responsible for most of the 25,000 new contributors who have joined the crusade in the past three months. All told, Billy James commands 200,000 contributing followers. He spends an annual budget of \$2,000,000 and broadcasts his theological fundamentalist, politically conservative message over some 100 radio stations. Ever expanding his horizons, he has just broken ground for his own new American College in Tulsa, Okla., to teach "God, government and Christian action."

There are those who question the religious character of Hargis' endeavors. In 1966, the Internal Revenue Service decided that his Christian Echoes Ministry Inc. (the legal name of the Christian Crusade) did too much lobbying to deserve its tax-exempt status as a "religious and educational" organization. Hargis is appealing the ruling, but meanwhile has given his benefactors an al-

ternative avenue of giving by separately incorporating the Church of the Christian Crusade, which has several thousand members and is headquartered in the Crusade's modern, flat-topped "cathedral" in Tulsa. So that no one will mistake his intent, he repeatedly tells his followers that "we are a church. We are a religious organization."

Striped-Pants Pansies. Hargis continued to stress the religious theme throughout the Eleventh Annual National Convention of the Christian Crusade in Tulsa earlier this month. He told the delegates that "conservative politics without a real alliance in Christ is in vain," and preached that "the hope of the Christian is in the Second Coming of Christ and nothing else, not a political victory, not even a military victory." But the choice of convention



HARGIS IN JERUSALEM
Message as familiar as the pilgrim.

speakers left some doubt about the sincerity of such protestations.

For starters, the keynote was Alabama's George C. Wallace, who enthusiastically endorsed "the work of the Christian Crusade against subversive elements." Retired Major General Edwin A. Walker, a Crusader since 1963, took the rostrum to assert that President Nixon had "appointed revolutionists to Cabinet posts," and was "soft-soaping and even financing revolution" at home while he went "tripping around like a fairy in Asia." Another nontheological speaker, retired Army Brigadier General Clyde Watts, charged that "more than 100 professors in Cal Berkeley [the University of California at Berkeley] are hard-core working members of the Communist Party, U.S.A." Peace in Viet Nam, Watts informed the assembly, was "too precious to entrust to those striped-pants pansies in the State Department."

So whom could the crusaders trust? Hargis turned once again to the Holy

Land to pick a surprising hero—one of the leaders of Israel's socialist Labor Party. "I wish we had Moshe Dayan leading us in Viet Nam," he said. "We could finish the war in a few days."

CHURCHES

Catalyst of Conscience

Black Militant James Forman has been spectacularly unsuccessful in attaining his goal of \$3 billion in reparations to be paid to U.S. Negroes by American churches and synagogues. Since Forman first issued his arrogantly worded "Black Manifesto" in Detroit last April, only an estimated \$22,000 has trickled into the coffers of his National Black Economic Development Conference. Forman's demands have been successful, however, as a catalyst in moving churches to examine their consciences. Last week another church group demonstrated that the manifesto has not fallen on entirely deaf ears. Meeting in Canterbury, England, the Central Committee of the World Council of Churches rejected the concept of reparations, but voted to distribute \$500,000—not to Forman but to organizations of oppressed racial groups whose purposes are "not inconsonant" with those of the World Council.

The Central Committee's action was a retreat from the determinedly avant-garde position adopted last May by the council's own international Consultation on Racism (TIME, June 6), which favored church support of antiracist revolutionary movements and compensation for those "exploited" by capitalism. But in addition to its \$500,000 allocation, the committee did call on member churches to give "a significant portion of their total resources to organizations of the racially oppressed." One way that churches might help was to make land available "free or at low cost" for community development.

Generous Response. Like the World Council, U.S. churches and synagogues are tending to react to the reparations demand by reviewing and enlarging their social-work programs. Thus, the American Jewish Committee rejected the "Black Manifesto" but is considering a national ad hoc group to help the poor. The General Assembly of the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ), meeting last week in Seattle, similarly denounced reparations but requested that the church redeploy funds to make more than \$30 million available to fight poverty and racial discrimination. Earlier, the General Synod of the United Church of Christ created a new Commission for Racial Justice and guaranteed it a minimum of \$500,000 for 1970.

After pointedly taking issue with the threat of violence posed in the manifesto, the United Presbyterian Church nonetheless invited Forman to speak before its General Assembly last May. And in the most generous response yet to Forman's complaint, the Presbyterians authorized a drive to obtain \$50 million for general works against poverty.

SCIENCE

PALEONTOLOGY

The Age of Man

In British India a generation ago, scientists unearthed two small fossils that consisted of no more than partial jawbones and a few teeth. For many years, they gathered dust—one in London's British Museum, the other in the Calcutta Museum. The ancient bones were largely ignored by professionals and the public alike. That oversight may have been one of paleontology's biggest blunders. After carefully studying those neglected fossils, two Yale investigators have now become convinced that they are rare remnants of the first manlike creatures on earth.

The bones belonged to an extinct primate that paleontologists call *Ramapithecus* (the Latin word for ape, with a bow to the Indian god Rama). Scientists already knew that the creature lived in Asia and Africa 8,000,000 to 15 million years ago. But they have never known exactly where to place him on the evolutionary ladder. Did he belong to the family of apes? Or was he already a member of the family of man? The questions puzzled Yale Paleontologist Elwyn L. Simons, and his former student, David R. Pilbeam, both of whom had strongly suspected for some time that *Rama* was really more man than ape.

To test their theories, they engaged in some shrewd scientific detective work. Not only did they go through the usual painstaking steps of precise measurement, but they also ingeniously used the tiny fragments to reconstruct the creature's habits and habitats. Teeth, in particular, lend themselves to such paleontological probing.

Almost immediately, Simons and Pilbeam noted that the jawbones lacked

the large overlapping canine teeth that are characteristic of all apes. Thus, *Rama* could grind his food with manlike side-to-side movements. Apes, on the other hand, mostly chomp up and down on their food, since their canines prevent lateral motion of the jaws. The Yale investigators also decided that *Rama*'s molars had emerged one after another, as in man, rather than almost simultaneously, as in apes. From this evidence they drew two important conclusions: 1) *Rama* probably ventured into open country to forage for tougher foods than were available to apes ("the lotus eaters of the primates"), who stayed behind in the forests; and 2) he matured more slowly than apes, and more as human youngsters do, thus gaining valuable additional time to learn more skills during childhood.

In making their persuasive case for *Ramapithecus* as the first hominid, Simons and Pilbeam dispute a competing claim by the Kenyan anthropologist, Louis Leakey. Two years ago Leakey announced that 20 million-year-old fossils that he had discovered near Africa's Lake Victoria and dubbed *Kenyapithecus africanus* belonged to the earliest known manlike creature (TIME, Feb. 3, 1967). After applying their dental tests to casts of Leakey's prehistoric fragments, the Yalermen decided that *Kenyapithecus* lacked the characteristics of early man. Though Leakey still insists that *Kenyapithecus* is a hominid, most other scientists now believe that he is an ape.

The identification of *Ramapithecus* has even more profound implications to paleontologists. If he is indeed a hominid, *Rama* would be the direct predecessor of a creature called *Australopithecus* (southern ape), who, in turn, has long been accepted by scientists as

being man's most immediate ancestor among the primates. Unlike the ape who lived with him in East Africa, the short (just over 4 ft.), heavy-jawed man ape, *Australopithecus*, stood erect, ate meat as well as fruits and vegetables, and was probably the first creature to make and use tools of stone.* Until recently, most paleontologists were certain that *Australopithecus* lived no more than 2,000,000 years ago—or at least 6,000,000 years after *Rama*. The Yalermen's discovery thus creates a huge gap in man's history between *Australopithecus* and *Rama*.

As it happens, new fossil finds made by other investigators, operating quite independently, are closing the gap by showing that *Australopithecus* is really much older than had been thought—in fact, as much as 6,000,000 years.

Ferocious Neighbors. The evidence comes, in part, from Africa's Omo River Basin, a fossil-rich area where the borders of Ethiopia, Kenya and the Sudan meet. There, a University of Chicago expedition has found 40 prehistoric teeth and two jawbones buried in volcanic ash that is perhaps 4,000,000 years old. The expedition's leader, Anthropologist F. Clark Howell, is convinced that the creatures are members of the *Australopithecus* family, even though they must have belonged to a branch that probably did not eat meat or make tools. Despite their proximity to various ferocious neighbors in the fossil bed, says Howell, these man-apes were apparently able to survive with no other weaponry than their wits.

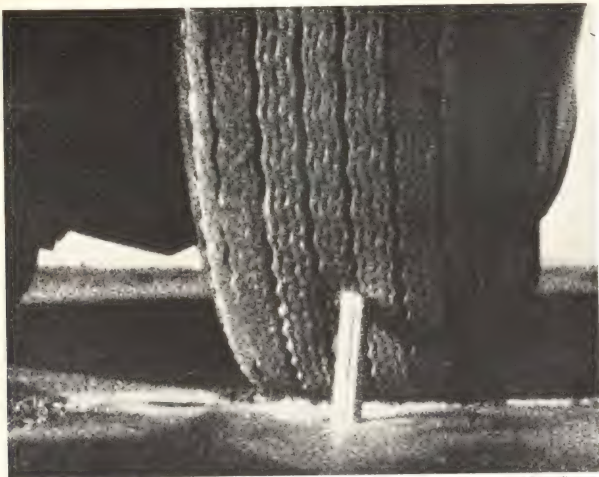
A few miles west of Kenya's Lake Rudolf, Harvard Paleontologist Bryan Patterson discovered the fragment of a jaw that he reckons is 5,000,000 years old. In roughly the same area, the University of London's William Bishop found a lone primate tooth that may be several million years older. Most tantalizing of all, jaws and teeth dating back 6,000,000 to 8,000,000 years have been uncovered in Southern Europe and mainland China.

The discoverers have not yet acknowledged their finds in formal reports to scientific journals, perhaps because the bones upset too many old theories. Their scientific caution is understandable. In a few short years, man's fossil record has been extended from less than 2,000,000 years to possibly more than 14 million. Yet even that startling leap back into the past amounts to only a few moments in the 4.5 billion-year history of the earth. Three billion years before man's ancestors took their separate evolutionary path from the apes, life already existed and flourished. Despite the new paleontological evidence, man remains a mere infant.

* He was also close kin to a pygmy-sized creature called *Homo Habilis*. Last week Leakey's anthropologist wife, Mary, unveiled the most intact *habilis* skull ever found. It was dug up in Tanzania's Olduvai Gorge, and is about 1,750,000 years old.



PILBEAM & SIMONS EXAMINING FOSSILS
Somewhat shorter in the tooth.



Photograph made by a special high-speed camera during an actual 60-mph test run over a 3/8-inch steel rod, 1/4-inch diameter.

**This tire has 40,000 test miles on it.
But it can still survive this impact test.
The new Super Shell HP-40.
It can still take it when it's an old Super Shell HP-40.**



TELEVISION

PROGRAMMING

Talk, Talk, Talk

For the past two years, most CBS stations have been gamely running late-night movies, while NBC and ABC have done nothing but talk, talk with Johnny Carson and Joey Bishop. But movies no longer automatically grab a big audience and, more to the point, talk shows are cheap to produce and show large profits. Last week it became talk, talk, talk as CBS offered its own late-night interviewer, Merv Griffin.

Griffin's show, went the pitch, was going to be different. Maybe so, but his premiere appearance did not exactly inundate the audience with originality. First there was Jackie "Moms" Mabley,

staging his guests. Bishop, on the other hand, uses his Los Angeles base to good advantage. He concentrates primarily on show-biz types, often letting them perform spontaneously.

Griffin prefers to be conversational, a listener rather than a doer. "My most important task is to open people up verbally and extract information from them," he says. "I sit there as the middleman between guest and audience, asking questions I think the viewers would ask if they were in my place." While Carson is content to operate from New York City studios, with only occasional expeditions to the West Coast, Griffin insists that he will continue to get out of the studio and out of New York. "We want to show the viewer other parts of the world than a desk and three chairs," says his producer, Bob Shanks.

For all the differences, Griffin is still presiding over the same sort of desk-and-sofa setup that Dave Garroway, Steve Allen and Jack Paar popularized years ago. As Griffin sees it, "With three of us in there every week night, it will be a game of 'Pick Your Host.'" Or more likely, "Pick Your Guest." During premiere week, a dial spinner could have tuned in Carson confronting Groucho Marx, Bill Cosby, Romy Schneider, Lucille Ball, Phyllis Diller, and Rowan and Martin. Bishop trotted out such West Coast Establishmentarians as Ruth Gordon, George Burns, Tony Bennett, Milton Berle, Eddie Fisher, Rick (the Ricky) Nelson and Ed Ames. Griffin went for such familiar names as Woody Allen, Dinah Shore, and Sonny and Cher. But Griffin also offered a few surprises: Max Yasgur (the New York dairy farmer who rented his land to the Woodstock Music and Art Fair) and Billie Young (who as Penelope Ashe "wrote" *Naked Came the Stranger*).

1,470 Guests. For producers, the big problem of the new talk season is obviously going to be: get the guest. To do this, each show employs a guest scout, complete with his own staff, who combs through lists of Who's in Town and Who's Doing What (or more cynically, Who's Plugging What). Prime sources: new movies and new books, since stars and authors are usually available to chat about their products. Then there are the so-called talk-show "regulars," Hermione Gingold, say, or Nipsey Russell. Between now and year's end, however, Griffin, Carson and Bishop will churn out 294 shows: at an average of five guests a program, they will need at least 1,470 people. Obviously, some familiar faces are going to become overfamiliar.

Behind the competition for guests lies the competition for ratings. Where, oh where will Griffin's audience come from? NBC thinks that he will steal from Bishop, and ABC thinks that he will steal from Carson. All three networks—particularly CBS—hope that he wins the

viewers who used to watch movies. There may be a good chance, since prime time this year will be so full of movies that viewers who stay up past the 11 o'clock news might just be sick of them. Then, too, despite the plethora of talk shows, there is always the lion-and-Christians impulse, which may make viewers tune in to see Truman Capote call Jacqueline Susann a "truck driver in drag" or Don Rickles find a new way to insult Johnny Carson.

The Unsinkable Tom Smothers

On the wall of the cabana alongside Tommy Smothers' swimming pool in Hollywood Hills hangs a life preserver labeled S.S. *Unsinkable*. Lately, following his censorship dustup with CBS and the network's subsequent banishment of his music and comedy series, it has seemed rather out of place. But



GRIFFIN & TREACHER
But still a desk and sofa.

an oldtime black comic of the Pigment Markham variety and hardly a nationwide favorite of the post-11:30 p.m. crowd. At the same time, Carson was cracking wise with Bob Hope, and Bishop was encouraging the Smothers Brothers to pour out their souls on camera. Moms was followed by a curiously subdued Woody Allen, Leslie Uggams, who is taking the Smotherses' place on CBS this fall and Hedy Lamarr. Pleasant personalities, but hardly show stoppers.

Middleman. In the end, what Griffin's first week amounted to was more of Carson and Bishop. Any differences were subtle, to say the least. While Carson has Ed McMahon as his sidekick on the *Tonight Show*, and Bishop has Regis Philbin, Griffin uses his longtime TV majordomo, Arthur Treacher, as a kind of Jeeves. Carson prefers to stand out as the star of his own show, throwing out quips and gags, staging frequent offerings from the Mighty Carson Art Players, and frequently up-



TOM & DICK SMOTHERS
As much on cash-flow as idealism.

last week the Smothers Brothers bobbed up again, bound for the national airwaves. Unlike Joe Namath, they have not been persuaded to rejoin their old employer. They have beaten the ban by forming what amounts to an *ad hoc* TV network of their own.

The Smothers network, pieced together at the local level out of independent stations and independent-minded network affiliates, premieres Sept. 10 with the fateful Easter Sunday tape (CBS refused to broadcast last April. So far, stations in 75 cities have booked the show, and Smothers Inc. counts on signing up another 50. The total—though short of their old 190-city CBS line-up—includes most of the major U.S. population centers and some 90% of all U.S. households equipped with TV sets. Unlike most spliced-together syndication deals, the Smothers link-up will be simultaneous (air time: 8 p.m., everywhere) to allow for topical references and nationwide promotion and sponsorship.

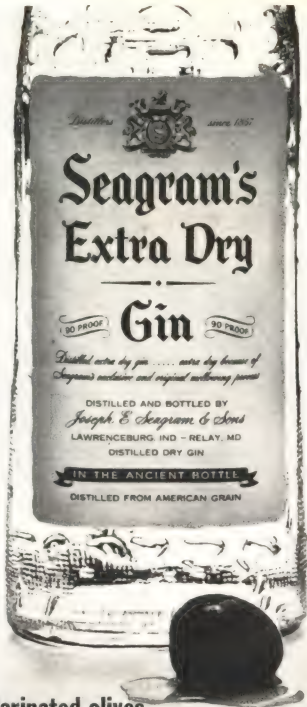
Except for a changed ending (commemoration of the first anniversary of the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr. is out of date), the show will consist of the same tape that CBS decided "would be considered irreverent and offensive by a large segment of our audience" during the week of the Eisenhower funeral. CBS specifically cited a parody sermonette by Religion Satirist David Steinberg (his final line: "Let's put Christ back into Christmas and 'eh' back into Chanukah"). But more likely the network objected to the show's running gags about John Pastore, the influential chairman and Mrs. Grundy of the Senate Communications Subcommittee. For example, Guest Dan Rowan of *Laugh-In* gave the Senator the "fickle-finger-of-fate award" for "keeping up the good work," though Tommy and President Nixon (whom Rowan pretended to phone) said that they had never heard of the man ("Pastore, p-a-S-T-O-R-E").

In presenting the program, Tommy and Dick are not exactly plunging bravely into the unknown. The Canadian commercial network transmitted the show on schedule last spring, and ever since, Tommy has toured the U.S., screening the tape for Congressmen, Federal Communications commissioners and the press. The viewers' overwhelming reaction was that the program was not only inoffensive, but probably one of the best Brothers shows of the season.

Stations that sign up with the Smothers network get the last-year show free—in return for a commitment to carry in December a 90-minute Smothers special to be taped largely in Toronto. After that, Tommy figures that Smothers Inc. will have whetted enough viewer appetite to syndicate a regular series of monthly specials—or even win second season time on one of the established networks on their own terms.

Beautiful Intentions. The hope is based as much on advance planning and cash-flow charts as dreamy idealism. Since last spring, the mythological mentalities of young Americans have made Elder Brother Tommy, 32, into a kind of Che of the TV jungle, or a Malibu Marcuse. In speech after speech, he has pluckily insisted that "the Smothers Brothers show may never go on again, but we have to keep the issue alive—and I mean free speech."

He still intends to aim his show at "the young, the disaffected and the minority groups," but he has added another group: "Big business." Or, in other words, "not just the have-nots, but also the haves who have something to say." Along these more practical lines, the Smothers have also reorganized their production company. The trouble with the old company, says Tommy, is that "all our beautiful intentions didn't have a solid foundation of financial logic and production schedules behind them. We had all those long-haired creative types walking around, but none of those smart cats in brown shoes."



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MUSIC

ROCK

Jam from Old Cream

This is the year of what the trade calls the Supergroup: bright new combinations of established stars drawn from fragmented combos, who are jamming together in much the same way jazz musicians used to do. Early this year, for example, David Crosby (ex-Byrds) got together with Stephen Stills (ex-Buffalo Springfield) and Graham Nash (ex-Hollies) to form a group called, logically enough, Crosby, Stills & Nash. Last month, sounding more and more like a law firm, it became Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, when another Springfield boy, Neil Young, joined up. Still another all-star collection is Led Zeppelin, created

standing for its own sake. "Now," insists Clapton, "the songs stand up themselves, and what we're playing just complements the songs."

Proof of this can be found in the group's first LP, *Blind Faith* (A&O), which reached No. 3 on the *Billboard* chart this week and has topped \$1,000,000 in sales in only a month. Winwood's composition, *Can't Find My Way Home*, is a farm-fresh plaint, which he sings in a sad falsetto over Baker's insinuating brushwork and the harpsichord-like plucking of two acoustic guitars. Blind Faith's version of the old Buddy Holly tune, *Well All Right*, skips along with a blithe country feeling, and Clapton's *Presence of the Lord* has an ingenious melody that rides over chur-

musicans with different traditions and personal tastes who are capable of creating what Winwood calls "the great blend in music." "It's all coming together—blues, jazz, folk, pop, rock, everything," he says. The prospects are fascinating. If the trend keeps up, the ultimate Supergroup might one day consist of virtuosos on the sitar, five-string banjo and an electronic Moog, with an ex-Beatie thrown in.

THE LP

Shaping Things to Come

"I don't know how we ever did without the LP," says Composer Roy Harris. "It is to music what the printing press was to literature."

Comparing the influence of the long-playing record to Gutenberg is not as far-fetched as it sounds. When they were first put out in 1948, LP records seemed to offer only an assortment of mechanical advantages: economy, convenience, less surface hiss. Like the 78 r.p.m., though, the LP at first was still just that—a record, a means of preserving for posterity some of the leading concert-hall interpretations of the day. Twenty-one years later, all that has changed. In a McLuhanesque transformation of musical culture, the LP is no longer a mere documentary device. For composers, listeners and musicians, it is a dramatic shaper of musical progress.

Part of the LP's influence has to do with distribution. Today virtually every form of sound known to and made by man, from primitive African chants to serialistic chamber music—"the old, the new, the modern, the academic, the screwball," as Conductor Erich Leinsdorf puts it—is easily available to increasingly sophisticated listeners. What the composer writes is indelibly affected by that fact. Italy's Luciano Berio notes that Debussy was influenced by Javanese music, but had to discover it by pure chance. If it had not been performed at the Paris Universal Exhibition in 1889, he would never have known of its existence. "Today," adds Berio, "recordings provide a constant Universal Exhibition."

Beyond the LP's value as a source of information, however, is the precision and virtuosity of LP recordings as a means of encouraging and communicating difficult new pieces of music. Today's stereo records capture details often missed in the auditorium, and for many of the complex scores now being written that kind of clarity is its own kind of reward. Composer Elliott Carter admits that such works as his Pulitzer prize-winning *Second String Quartet* (1959) and the *Double Concerto for Piano and Harpsichord* (1961) were initially written with stereo in mind. In the dense atonal *Double Concerto*, for example, each solo instrument is set off against the other—one to a stereo channel—and each has its accompanying coterie of winds and strings. The resulting dialogue is almost Joycean in its plural textures and moment-to-moment



BLIND FAITH (GRECH, CLAPTON, BAKER & WINWOOD)
Less = conscious decision than a drifting together.

by Jimmy Page, a retired Yardbird, and three other youthful veterans of the British rock scene.

The most promising new Supergroup so far is an English foursome called Blind Faith. Its members: Singer-Pianist-Guitarist Stevie Winwood, 21, formerly of Traffic; Bassist-Electric Violinist Rick Grech, 23, from Family; Guitarist Eric Clapton, 24, and Drummer Ginger Baker, 30, who were two-thirds of the rock trio called Cream, which broke up last fall. Despite the heavy dose of Cream in its makeup, Blind Faith has a more relaxed, genial and lyrical quality than its predecessor. Musically speaking, Cream was an equal partnership of three hard-driving individualists, who broke up at the peak of their success from internal friction and the pressures of constant playing. With Blind Faith, Winwood does all the singing, while the others provide a solid harmonic core down below. To dazzle audiences, Cream used to display a lot of virtuosity and instrumental grand-

harmonies and ends on a soothing, strange (for rock) seventh chord.

The formation of Blind Faith was less a conscious decision than a drifting together of old friends who liked to play together in off hours. Alter Cream and Traffic broke up, Clapton and Winwood began a series of two-man sessions, alternating between Clapton's \$100,000 house in the Surrey hills south of London and Winwood's white-washed, \$5-a-week farm cottage on the Berkshire downs. Baker, who had known Clapton since they worked together in John Mayall's Bluesbreakers, "just showed up" one day and started sitting in. With the addition of Grech, they had a fourth member and the harmonic "middle" that Clapton had always missed in Cream.

Rock pioneers like the Beatles, the Rolling Stones and Jefferson Airplane developed a distinctive, cohesive style by playing together in obscurity before they reached stardom. By contrast, the new Supergroups bring together mature

subtleties. Recording studios also offer new technical means of composing, through such devices as the echo chamber, multi-track recording and tape superimposition. "In this way," says Poland's Krzysztof Penderecki, "the process of recording itself has become a means of composition as well as communication." Of course, none of this technical expertise would be possible without tape, on which all LPs are originally recorded. And there are those who see tape—especially video tape, with which the home listener may some day be able to see as well as hear an opera—as the LP of the future.

Different Esthetic. There was a time when the thrill of a composer's life was a concert performance of one of his works. Now most composers see the concert hall and the LP as separate, but equally rewarding, mediums. Penderecki pretends to hear romantic music in the concert hall, but listens to Bach and Handel in the quiet and privacy of his home. As for his own music, he thinks the dramatically extroverted *St. Luke Passion* belongs in the auditorium because it should involve people as a group. When it comes to such works as *Polymorphia* and *Dies Irae*, Penderecki believes that they sound better on LP because they explore instrumental and vocal techniques in a new way; he does not want listeners to be diverted from the music by extraneous theatrical matters.

The ultimate creation of the recording process are composers who create only for the electronic idiom. To them, composition means either recording real-life sounds on tape and then transforming them electronically (*musique concrète*), or starting from scratch with an electronic sound synthesizer like the Moog (TIME, March 7). Electronic composers "write" on tape; their music was never intended for the traditional concert hall. "The trouble with the concert hall," says California's electronic composer Morton Subotnick, "is that it requires a social and theatrical esthetic that really has nothing to do with our music." Germany's Karlheinz Stockhausen, who today works primarily in the electronic idiom, agrees: "I make everything for stereo records. The record is the document of how I want my music to sound."

What pleases all composers is the way the LP has broadened the taste and intelligence of the listener. "Once only kings made love to music," says Berio. "Now everybody does." Adds Germany's Hans Werner Henze: "Audiences have learned to hear pieces of music more than once and thus have acquired a training in hearing musical structures." That kind of knowing audience has made possible a new mode of composition in which snippets from, say, the Baroque, French Impressionism and Viennese post-Romanticism are pasted into surrealistic aural collages that would lose much of their point for



CARTER AT PIANO
Encouraging Joycean dialogue.

anyone who had not heard LPs of the originals. Perhaps the outstanding example of that style is Berio's four-movement *Sinfonia*, a great critical success last fall when premièred by the New York Philharmonic (TIME, Oct. 18). This week *Sinfonia* comes out on a superbly engineered Columbia LP. Even though Berio conducted the première, he believes that the LP release will probably be a more satisfying event. From a purely esthetic point of view, the work will be clearer and more forceful than any concert-hall performance so far. A concert, moreover, is heard to-day and gone tomorrow. But the LP *Sinfonia* will be sold, perhaps for years, all over the world.



STOCKHAUSEN WITH ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT
Writing directly for stereo.

MILESTONES

Married. Nora Avis Hope, 23, co-median Bob's raven-haired daughter and youngest of his four adopted children; and Samuel Boyd McCullagh Jr., 23, assistant director of admissions at the University of San Francisco; in a Roman Catholic ceremony in North Hollywood.

Divorced. By Loretta Young, 56, doe-eyed veteran movie and TV actress (*The Loretta Young Show*); Thomas H. Lewis, 65, retired ad executive and radio producer; on grounds of mental cruelty and desertion (they have been separated since 1956); after 29 years of marriage, three children; in Los Angeles.

Died. Albert Lingo, 59, chunky, bespectacled Alabama state trooper who, as former Governor George Wallace's state public-safety director from 1963 to 1965, led troopers armed with tear gas and electric cattle prods in bloody attacks on civil rights demonstrators in Birmingham and Selma; of a ruptured aorta; in Birmingham. "I am not a Nigrahafter," Lingo once said. "I've played with 'em, I've eaten with 'em and I've worked with 'em, but I still believe in segregation. You can say that some of my best friends are Nigras."

Died. Dr. Philip Blatberg, 60, the South African dentist who survived for a record 594 days with a transplanted heart (see MEDICINE).

Died. Zaddie Bunker, 81, known as "the flying great-grandmother," who went buzzing off into the wild blue at an age when most of her contemporaries were shopping for rocking chairs; of cancer; in Palm Springs, Calif. Mrs. Bunker was 65 when she earned her pilot's license; a year later she took off on the first of three transcontinental solo flights ("Motoring just isn't safe enough," she explained) and at 71 rode through the sound barrier in an Air Force F-100F Super Sabre. Two years ago, she even applied to be an astronaut. "I could have done it," she insisted after NASA turned her down.

Died. Lou Stillman, 82, tough-talking, cigar-chewing patriarch of Stillman's Gym, for 38 years a monument to the prizefight game; in Santa Barbara, Calif. With an epic command of abusive language and a pistol in his pocket, Stillman presided from 1921 to 1959 over the gloomy New York City arena where Jack Dempsey, Georges Carpentier and Primo Carnera—among thousands of others—worked out during their careers. "Big or small, champ or bum," he said, "I treated 'em all alike—had. If you treat 'em like humans, they'll eat you alive."

Died. Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, 83, titan of 20th century architecture (see ART).

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CONTROLLING INFLATION: A LONGER TIMETABLE

THE big riddle of inflation is growing steadily more perplexing. The question is not whether, but when, the overexuberant economy will be brought under control again by tight money, higher taxes and a surplus in the federal budget. Last week Paul W. McCracken, chairman of the White House Council of Economic Advisers, admitted that a full year of tight money might be needed to slow price inflation. That would mean that the swift rise in the U.S. cost of living may not begin to slacken markedly until January. The date represents a considerable stretch in the Administration's former timetable for halting soaring prices. As recently as June, the White House was promising such signs of economic slowdown any time after midyear. In two talks during the week, however, McCracken counseled the nation to be patient.

Contradictory Figures. All summer, key economic figures have been giving contradictory indications as to how well anti-inflationary efforts have been succeeding. The expansion rate of the overall economy has declined considerably; corporate profits and housing starts are off, and there are a few signs that consumers are beginning to curb their appetites for buying. During the first ten days of August, new-auto sales, for example, fell to an eight-year low for that period. On the other hand, personal income is rising sharply, and declining labor productivity means that manufacturers pay more in both labor and materials to produce the same items.

The economic confusion continued last week. The consumer price index for July rose at an annual rate of 6%. That was down from a 7.2% rate in June, but little comfort can be taken from the fact. The 3.6% rise in prices between January and July was the greatest for the period since 1951. But a special Federal Reserve Board study shows that businessmen plan little increase in spending for new factories and equipment during the rest of this year. Such outlays have been a major source of inflationary pressure, and for all of 1969 the Reserve Board expects capital spending to rise fully 124% to \$72.2 billion. Most of that increase has already occurred, and the Board forecasts a spending rise of only \$55 million during the fourth quarter as against a \$3.1 billion jump in the second quarter.

The most important harbinger of gains against inflation was an easing of the high interest rates that have been increasingly pinching borrowers this year. The decline reflected a drop in corporate demand for loans to finance expansion and inventory accumulation, which in turn appeared to reflect a lessening of the inflationary psychology that has caused businessmen to borrow in anticipation of ever-rising costs and prices.

Cheaper at Auction. The interest declines were small but widespread. Rates on bankers' acceptances—corporate promissory notes issued to finance goods in transit or storage with payment guaranteed by a bank—fell by 4% to 8%. In the bond market, Treasury bills sold at an average 6.86%, down from a peak of 7.22% last month. Pacific Northwest Bell Telephone sold \$75 million in debentures at 74% compared with a 7.9% rate on the last Bell System bond offering in July.

Annual interest rates on Eurodollars have fallen to 11% from a peak of 13%, which was reached for a day or two in the second quarter. U.S. banks had been borrowing huge quantities of such dollars on deposit in Europe in order to meet their loan commitments at home. Lately the banks' appetite for such deals has been declining. Of more immediate interest to consumers, mortgage interest rates have declined ever so slightly. Mortgages auctioned off to private investors last week by the Federal National Mortgage Association brought an average yield of 7.8%, down from a peak of 8.1% in early July.

The prime rate on loans to businesses by major banks remains at a record 8½%, but now bankers are talking of possible future cuts rather than further increases in the rate from which all other interest rates are calibrated.

Gaylord Freeman, chairman of Chicago's First National Bank, goes so far as to predict that the prime rate may drop to 7½% or even 7% by year-end. Most bankers and economists are more cautious. They warn that interest rates could yet bounce up again. So far, though, demand has been dropping more than it usually does in the summer.

Fears of Recession. The big fear among bankers is that the Federal Reserve will misinterpret the decline in interest rates, which bankers regard as a sign that tight-money policies are succeeding in cooling the economy. If the Board instead concludes that lower rates signify that the nation's money supply should be tightened even more, the resulting squeeze on banks could have serious repercussions. Bankers are not alone in believing that, at the worst, additional tightening could provoke a recession. Raymond J. Sautnier, Eisenhower's last chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, warned last month that "we are as close as it is safe to get to the outer limits of monetary and credit severity."

Federal Reserve Board Chairman William McChesney Martin recently told Congress that high interest rates are "not a goal" of the Board's policy. He implied that he would be happy to see the economy lose enough steam to let rates fall. Still, there is scant chance that the Fed will ease its squeeze on money any time soon, if only because price increases are proving so difficult to arrest.



MCCRACKEN
Harbinger in the pinch.



CONSTRUCTION

Roger's Roundtable

Unions usually get most of the blame for inflation in building costs—and much of the blame is merited. Labor has pressed the fragmented construction industry into huge pay boosts. In the twelve months ending last June, construction labor won wage and fringe gains averaging 10%—or \$5¢ an hour. The unions have had powerful, if often unnoticed allies in the industrial corporations that order new factories built, and will pay almost anything to get them finished on time. Such corporations urge contractors to pay heavy overtime, and if the projects are struck, says George Cline Smith, a Manhattan construction economist, the company often will tell its contractor: "Settle—we will pay the price."

Last week a group of top corporate officials resolved to confess, repent and reform. They formed the Construction Users' Anti-Inflation Roundtable—quickly nicknamed "Roger's Roundtable" because it is headed by Roger M. Blough, retired chairman of U.S. Steel. It includes executives of General Motors, Standard Oil (N.J.), General Electric, Union Carbide and A.T. & T.

The group's goal, says Blough, is to achieve "stability" in the construction industry—an obvious euphemism for forming a united front of big corporations to stiffen contractors' resistance to union demands, even at the price of construction delays.

Hurting Consumers. Construction costs are also coming under attack from other directions. The Associated General Contractors of America, whose members build most of the nation's roads, dams, factories and skyscrapers, has devised a strike insurance plan that may go into effect next year. "It would help stiffen the resistance of a little guy who might otherwise cave in," says William F. Dunn, executive director of the A.G.C. Labor Secretary George Shultz has been meeting since May with Harvard Economist John Dunlop and other experts to explore ways to contain construction costs. Shultz hopes to induce contractors and construction unions to use the Federal Mediation Service frequently to smooth over their disputes before they erupt into costly strikes. Within the Nixon Administration, there is also discussion of legislation to limit the power of local unions to balk at settlements agreed to by their international unions—a prime source of trouble in construction costs.

The attack is long overdue. Economist Smith says industrial plants recently finished have cost up to 25% more than similar plants built a year ago—a stunning rate of inflation even for the construction industry. These increases eventually are reflected in the prices of

goods sold by the new factories. They hurt consumers more directly by helping to force increases in new house prices, which are rising at a rate of close to 10% this year. The reason is that high wage and benefit scales established on industrial construction jobs are often applied subsequently to residential housing.

Worst Offenders. Whether the attack will succeed is another question. There is no doubt that the companies represented on Roger's Roundtable have the financial power to help contractors hold the line. But some of those companies have been among the worst offenders in demanding quick completion of plants, whatever the cost and however much the jobs disrupt work on

concede, no one knows how much oil will be found in either field.

Still, Natomas for months has been one of the most wildly gyrating stocks on the New York Stock Exchange. From an early 1969 low of 34½, it climbed to a June high of 130½. In July it fell back into the 70s, then swiftly rebounded. An announcement by company officials that they are "formulating plans" to begin exploratory drilling off Sumatra by year's end sent the stock up 10½ points in one day early last week, to 106½. It closed Friday at 101½—or about 85 times Natomas' 1968 earnings of \$1.20 a share.

Hungry Speculators. The swings tell less about Natomas than about the desperation of speculators and other investors to find a new outlet for their money. "People are hungering for something to get action out of," says Robert T. Allen, vice president of Shearson, Hammill & Co., the big Manhattan brokerage house. Especially hungry are the managers of "performance" mutual funds and hedge funds, both of which have sold themselves to investors on the promise that they could select stocks that would surge ahead no matter what the rest of the market did. The stocks that most of them selected—computer, conglomerate, oceanography and nursing-home issues—have fallen hard in this summer's bear market.

Some funds have been battered so badly that Wall Street elders expect management upheavals soon. Nonetheless, the funds, as well as many individual investors, remain deeply committed to the performance game. In their search for new favorites with which to play, they have seized on Natomas as an available game and made a virtue of the uncertainty about the company's oil prospects. To speculators, says Lucien Hooper of W. E. Hutton & Co., "Natomas' merit is precisely that 'no one can tell what it is worth.'"

The Next Test. The likelihood that speculators will soon find another way to outgun stock-market averages is no great secret. Last week the stock market slowly extended a technical rally from its July 29th low of 801.96 on the Dow-Jones industrial average. The average rose 16.37 to close at 837.25. Brokers almost unanimously expect that the rally will give way soon to a new drop that will "test" the low. Opinion is divided about evenly on whether or not the market will pass that test.

Few brokers are strongly bullish or strongly bearish. Those who expect the Dow-Jones average to fall below 800 predict that any new decline will be less violent than the 167-point May-July plunge. Those who expect the July low to stand as the bottom of the 1969 market predict that stock prices will move sideways for a long time until there are solid indications that inflation is being brought under control. Such prospects may be faintly reassuring to the average investor, but they do not promise much chance for speculators to recoup their mid-1969 losses quickly.



BLOUGH

Resolved to repent and reform.

other projects. The Associated General Contractors recently protested to General Motors about the fact that since March workers have been putting in a 70-hour week at a new G.M. assembly plant in Lordstown, Ohio, and collecting double time after 40 hours. G.M.'s explanation is as understandable as the contractors' ire: the automaker needs the plant as much as contractors need the men elsewhere. G.M. has to have the space to produce a small car to compete with Ford's Maverick.

WALL STREET

In Search of a New Game

Natomas Co. would not seem to be the ideal speculative stock. About 80% of its revenues come from the lackluster shipping industry. With its 37% stake in oil concessions in the ocean off the Indonesian island of Java, and a 68% stake in a concession off Sumatra, the company may yet become an important oil producer. But, as officials of San Francisco-based Natomas

INSURANCE'S BELATED AWAKENING

IN the decades since World War II, insurance companies have often seemed like dinosaurs—gigantic and impregnable, but slow-moving and ill-adapted to a swiftly changing environment. As a result, the insurance industry has been losing its relative importance in the business world. Inflation has made the fixed-dollar guarantees that insurance policies provide look less attractive year by year. The share of the savings dollar used to purchase life insurance has dwindled steadily from 51% in 1945 to less than 15% today. Conservative management and restrictive federal and state regulations have kept most of the insurers' \$240 billion in assets tied up in long-term, low-return investments, such as

insurance companies have been forced to alter their corporate structures. Some 400 investor-owned insurance companies, including nearly all the big ones, have turned themselves into subsidiaries of newly created holding companies during the past few years. These are free to invest and diversify in ways that insurers have been forbidden to do directly.

Lending Is Not Enough. To the policyholder, the most noticeable result has been that his insurance agent now frequently tries to sell him mutual-fund shares. About 150 of the insurance companies have bought mutual funds, started their own or concluded agreements to have their insurance subsidiaries help

management, and a large slice of the profits.

Aetna Life and Casualty Co., for example, has formed a fifty-fifty partnership with Kaiser Industries to develop more than 90,000 acres of potential residential and industrial tracts in California and Hawaii that company officials figure are worth about \$175 million. INA has also bought 25% of a chain of Eastern nursing homes. "We aren't interested in financing businesses of this kind," explains President John Gurash. "We are interested in being in those businesses."

Despite such aggressive talk, diversification by insurance companies has been quite cautious so far. With the possible exception of INA's acquisition of World Airways, all the moves have been into industries that are closely related



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Recently, a new generation of insurance-company leaders has grown impatient with such lethargic ways. The younger men are pushing the industry into more adventurous investments and diversification programs. Within the past year, INA Corp., the holding company for Insurance Co. of North America, has acquired World Airways, a charter carrier, and a manufacturer of fire-preventing sprinkler systems. Travellers Corp., owner of Hartford's Travellers Life Insurance Co., is dickering to buy Randolph Computer Corp., a major computer-leasing firm. This month, CNA Financial Corp., the Chicago-based owner of a group of life- and casualty-insurance firms, completed acquisition of The Larwin Group Companies, a California housebuilding combine that took in revenues of \$50 million in 1968. Larwin President Lawrence Weinberg and CNA Chairman Howard Reeder began by discussing a \$20 million CNA loan to Larwin but wound up negotiating a merger instead.

In order to move into new fields, in-

sell the shares of independent funds. Ten years ago, most life-insurance salesmen were discouraged from selling mutual-fund shares at all. Last year, the National Association of Securities Dealers has registered at least 15,000 life-insurance salesmen, about 7% of the total number in the U.S.

Life insurers have tied up with mutual funds largely in belated recognition that the two forms of investment compete directly for the consumer's money. Insurance firms are spreading into other businesses at least partly to avoid takeover by the conglomerates, which have lately been casting covetous eyes at the enormous cash reserves maintained by most insurers.

A stronger impetus toward new ventures has come from the insurers' feeling that their loans were helping other businessmen to grow wealthy while the insurance companies took most of the risk. As a result, insurers are no longer content merely to lend money for the construction of apartments, shopping centers and other structures, and collect a fixed-interest return. They demand a share in the ownership and

to insurance, or that insurance executives have come to know intimately through their lending or policy-writing activities.

Even though they disclaim any thoughts of setting up a new class of conglomerates, insurers have so much cash to invest that their new tactics can have an enormous effect on the economy. Last year, life insurance companies alone had over \$17 billion of new money to invest, or almost 14% of gross private investment. To investors who have been accustomed to getting only an interest return on loans, says Washington Economist Miles Colean, "an exposure to equities is like the taste of blood to a young lion." The insurance industry's new look may have an even greater impact on the stock market. If insurers could sell mutual-fund shares to all their 132 million policyholders, they might well generate a torrent of cash. The thought of how much that could lift stock prices is enough to elate some Wall Streeters. The prospect frightens many others. They fear that prices could be driven beyond all relation to underlying values, and reach levels that could not be sustained.

CORPORATIONS

Widening Father's Footsteps

When his second son, Barron, first approached him about a job in 1946, Hotelman Conrad Hilton was less than enthusiastic about the idea. A college dropout about to become a father at 19, Barron had far to go to prove himself as a businessman. Nor did he agree with his father's evaluation of his talent. Barron said that he would not work for less than \$1,000 a month. Conrad was not willing to pay him more than \$150. The young man decided to go into business for himself.

Advisory Role. Today, the relationship between father and son has changed. Barron, now 41, is not only president and chief executive of Hilton Hotels (at \$100,000 a year), but has considerably widened his father's footsteps since he took charge three years ago. The elder Hilton, who, at 81, remains chairman of the board but contents himself with an advisory role, is delighted with his son's performance. "Things are going very well with us," he says.

If anything, that is an understatement. Through a combination of cost cutting, rate increases and shrewdly timed expansion, Barron has managed to double the company's profits from \$6.6 million in 1966 to \$12.2 million last year. In the same period, revenues rose only 18% to \$231 million. The chain, which owns, manages or franchises 67 hotels and inns in 56 U.S. cities, currently has an occupancy rate 10% above the industry-wide average of 61%. More remarkable, that occupancy level has been reached despite a 21% advance in Hilton's average room rate from \$16.43 to \$21.27. On the New York Stock Exchange, Hilton shares have reflected the company's fortunes by leaping from 74 in 1966 to 574 last week—a gain of 807%.

Setting Records. Barron came back to the family business by a roundabout route. When his father rebuffed his first effort to land a well-paying Hilton job, the young man began selling fresh fruit juice to Los Angeles dairies. The venture prospered and helped pave Barron's way into the family firm in 1954. His first post was vice president in charge of television sets. Later he took over Hilton's Carte Blanche, lifting the credit-card operation from a \$9,000,000 hole and making it profitable.

Promoted to Hilton president in 1966, Barron immediately began reorganizing a management that had been as spread out as its hotels. By centralizing the purchase of housekeeping items under a subsidiary, Hotel Equipment Corp., he saved the parent company money on everything from carpets to cutlery. He reduced the size of

hotel payrolls and, to save capital while expanding, formed partnerships with other investors to build Hilton hotels in such places as New York, San Francisco and Hawaii.

Palatial Style. The secret of managing such an empire, as Barron tells it, "is being on the scene at the proper time." In keeping with that philosophy, Barron jumps into his private jet or his 200-m.p.h. helicopter as readily as most businessmen leap into taxis. Frequently, he manages to visit as many as half a dozen Hilton hotels in a single day. A black Rolls-Royce convertible whisks him from his Beverly Hills headquarters to his palatial home in Holmby Hills, where he, his wife Marilyn and their eight children enjoy a swimming pool.



CONRAD HILTON & SON IN BEVERLY HILTON
Even setting sights on the moon.

tennis court, putting green, sauna bath and film-projection room.

Recently, Hilton moved into the autorental field in California and Hawaii, but his plans for the future are far more ambitious. They include \$50 million worth of expansion, mostly at U.S. airports and in Hawaii, where Hilton hotels now run an 80% occupancy rate. Hilton is also considering buying an airline that would operate charter flights from major U.S. and European cities to his resort hotels. He has even drawn up plans—only half in jest—for a Lunar Hilton beneath the moon's surface. Despite such celestial goals, Barron still prides himself on attention to earthly details. To save on food-preparation costs, for example, the company no longer uses individual eggs for salads and sandwiches. Instead, the hotels buy frozen hard-boiled eggs in foot-long rolls. Thawed, they are ready to slice and serve just as easily as the hen-fresh product.

UTILITIES

The Customers Talk Back

Public utility companies have prided themselves for years on their efficiency and their friendly relations with their customers. Now their erstwhile friends are furious over high rates or poor service, and often over both at once. At least a dozen utilities from Pennsylvania to California have recently applied for permission to raise their charges. If granted, the increases could add nearly \$400 million to U.S. gas and electric bills. Such moves normally stir up only routine opposition, but this year U.S. consumers are displaying an increasing choler over the cost and condition of all kinds of goods and services.

Nowhere have the sounds of outrage been heard more frequently than in New York City, where giant Consolidated Edison Co. has blamed conservationist opposition to its expansion plans for its difficulties in meeting growing demands for electric power (see ENVIRONMENT). Last week consumer wrath fell in almost equal measure on the New York Telephone Co., second largest in the Bell System. At a hearing called by the State Public Service Commission to investigate complaints of poor service, witnesses railed about everything from Manhattan's grossly overloaded Plaza K exchange to pay telephones in which the only working parts seem to be the coin slots. William Payson, president of the advertising firm of Avery, Hand & Co., said that two of his company's lines were apparently disconnected by mistake and were still not repaired after a month despite daily calls to telephone company offices. To call attention to its plight, his company bought \$5,900 worth of space in the New York Times, offering a prize to whoever could guess "the exact date and time when New York Telephone reconnects our lines." Within hours the lines were restored, with apologies from a phone company vice president.

Hurt Pride. Computer experts also joined in the attack, charging that the system had failed to provide the service necessary to accommodate their industry's astonishing growth. Lewis Clapp, president of Dial-Data Inc., of Newton, Mass., predicted "national telephone blackouts" by 1972 unless the telephone companies take faster action to install the lines needed for transmission of a growing deluge of computerized data. Though his fears may be valid, Clapp's criticism is a bit unfair. The computer time-sharing industry has expanded much faster than even computer experts predicted, and it is still growing at a rate of more than 40% a year.

Telephone company officials readily admit that service has been poor, and blame many of their problems on the "unprecedented" growth in the tremendous demand for telephone service in the past 20 months. In an effort to overcome deficiencies, New York Telephone

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PLAN THE AMERICA WAY

last month began bringing in an emergency force of 1,500 workmen from other parts of the U.S. "Our pride has been hurt," said William Sharwell, the company's vice president for operations. "We won't rest easy until service is good everywhere for everyone."

JAPAN

Luster Regained

Kokichi Mikimoto, who founded Japan's cultured-pearl industry at the turn of the century, once vowed that with his gems he would "choke the lovely necks" of women around the world. For decades, his boast seemed to be coming true. Cultured pearls—the lustrous kind that grows after a tiny grain of clam shell is inserted into the mantle of an oyster—expanded into a \$90 million-a-year business. Thousands of families, including half of the 18,000 population in the western Japanese town of Shima, earned a livelihood raising pearl-bearing oysters in baskets that dangle from myraid rafts in quiet inlets of the coastal seas.

Two years ago, a series of misfortunes plunged the Japanese pearl-producing industry into a private depression of its own. Along with the advent of mini-skirts, Western women turned away from cultured pearls to such cheaper adornments as plastic beads, colored stones and metal chains. Exports dropped from a peak of \$65 million in 1966 to \$46 million last year. In Manhattan, pearl sales at Tiffany's were down by 50% in 1968. Only part of the drop can be blamed on fickle fashion. "The real trigger in the decline was quality," says Tiffany Vice President Henry Platt. "The pearls had a low luster and more flaws."

Shameless Kuzu. Platt's complaint can be traced to the industry's expansion. The number of pearl producers in Japan rose from about 100 at the end of World War II to 4,600—including many economically weak one-family operations. They crowded their oyster rafts into half the space required for proper pearl growth, harvested huge quantities of low-quality pearls and sold them at cut-rate prices. Instead of waiting three years for the pearls to develop, hard-pressed growers sometimes dumped their harvest onto the market after only six months. At that age, a pearl's nacre—the lustrous layers produced by the oyster—is so thin that the pearl loses its color after a few months. Old-line Japanese traders call premature pearls *kuzu* (trash), and they complain that this type of inferior merchandise tarnishes the reputation of the whole industry. "In department stores you can buy what is shamelessly called a pearl necklace for as little as \$2.77," says Toshiaki Homma, president of the K. Mikimoto company.

With the decline in exports, the number of exporting firms has dropped sharply. Several hundred marginal operators have switched to growing sea-



PEARL RAFT CAMPSITES IN AGO BAY
Quality was the trigger.

weed, which the Japanese like to eat for breakfast and with their afternoon tea. Many pearl rafts have been abandoned entirely, or covered with tents to serve as outlandish, seaborne campgrounds. Meanwhile a modest start has been made by the Japanese Diet toward regulating the industry by setting a minimum sea space per raft to assure sufficient food for the pearl-producing oysters. In a desperate effort to keep pearl prices from plunging, the Japanese Federation of Pearl Cultivators last year stockpiled some 42 million pearls.

Little-Girl Charm. The maneuver was well timed. Feminine fashion has begun to rediscover cultured pearls. To adorn their fall creations, U.S. dress designers have turned once more to the Japanese gems as a means of expressing elegance, opulence, sophistication and even such elusive attributes as "little-girl charm." The new trend has caught U.S. pearl merchants with depleted stocks, and as one result, retail pearl prices have already jumped 25% above their 1968 level. The Cultured Pearl Association of America predicts that prices will rise another 10% within a few weeks.

COMPUTERS

Instant Ticketing

A California-bound business executive walked into a branch of the First National City Bank in Manhattan last week and picked up a pair of tickets for a Hollywood Bowl concert. A Manhattan-bound Angeleno bought tickets for the Broadway hit *Oh! Calcutta!* at a Beverly Hills hotel. Both made their purchases through computer networks that are striving to bring the box office closer to the increasingly choosy buyer.

Two companies—Ticket Reservation Systems, Inc., of New York, and Computicket Corp., a subsidiary of Computer Sciences Corp. of Los Angeles—are cur-

rently fighting for a potentially lucrative ticket market with much the same type of operation. Participating entertainment enterprises like theaters and sports arenas are linked by sales outlets in such spots as railroad stations, travel agencies, department stores and even supermarkets. At most of those locations, buyers tell a sales clerk what event they want to see and when. By pushing buttons on a console, the clerk queries a regional computer's "memory bank" and gets an instant reading on what seats are available. Customers then can have their tickets printed electronically on the spot. The T.R.S. Ticketron system charges a flat rate of 25¢ per ticket for local events. Manhattan ticket brokers normally charge more—\$1.50 per seat.

Computer ticketing is still in its infancy, but its convenience is beginning to catch the public's fancy. After 15 months of operations, Ticketron, the bigger of the two systems, has terminals in more than 300 locations from coast to coast. It offers seats to a wide variety of entertainment, including the U.S. Open Tennis matches in Forest Hills, N.Y., the Philadelphia Folk Festival in Old Pool Farm, Pa., the home games of six major-league baseball teams and most events at Manhattan's new Madison Square Garden. According to President John Quinn Jr., T.R.S. now sells 1,000,000 tickets a month and expects to break even by late 1970.

Expanding the system requires large amounts of capital investment. Under the direction of Chairman Thomas W. Moore, a former head of ABC Television, T.R.S. has already committed itself to spend \$22 million to buy or lease computers and terminals from Control Data Corp. of Minneapolis, and plans to spend another \$15 million. Last week, for an undisclosed sum, Control Data in turn acquired 50% of T.R.S.'s stock.

CINEMA

NEW MOVIES

All in the Family

The idea that two actors with such well-authenticated heterosexual credentials as Richard Burton and Rex Harrison would portray a pair of middle-aged homosexuals is calculated to strain, and simultaneously tease the imagination. From the time that the filming of *Staircase* was announced, cinemagoers wondered whether it was a stunt, an acting challenge or another bold foray into the territory of the taboo. The danger was that the pair would nance it up and produce a heterosexual parody of homosexual mannerisms—a kind of

er (Cathleen Nesbitt), who lives with the couple. She is an arthritically gnarled stick of a woman who wets her bed, is only intermittently coherent and has to be spoon-fed by Harry, who tends her with a tactful if exasperated saintliness.

Moral of Composure. The tie that binds also chafes. Since Harry does the cooking and the mending, he sometimes sulks like a put-upon housewife. Charlie is the male partner, as it were, and with a certain oafish, masculine crudity he does things like cut his toenails in bed. But his basic role is to nag at Harry and call him (her) a "twit." Be it ever so hurtful, there is no place like home, and in its pathetic way the Charlie-Harry relationship is a bad marriage that works. The law threatens to sever it. Charlie has been apprehended doing a transvestite turn in a gay club, and must appear in court. Like gentle, trapped and panicky animals, Charlie and Harry evoke the moral of compassion that underlies *Staircase*.

Adapted to the screen by Charles Dyer from his play, *Staircase* is a static, placid film in which the camerawork is subdued. Its strength is in its two key players. Each being determined, perhaps, to do his best acting before a peer, Burton and Harrison give firmly disciplined, finely delineated performances of undeviating honesty. Burton has rarely immersed himself in a part to the extent that one could forget he was Richard Burton, but he does it this time. Harrison has often seemed to be acting before a mirror rather than a camera. In *Staircase* he is acting before the broken mirror of a man's life, and he evolves a poignancy that is wonderfully real. At crucial moments in the film, he is given to saying "God help us all, and Oscar Wilde." Wilde would not have liked *Staircase*. It is not elegant. It is not witty. It lacks his opulent depravity. But in its modest and unassuming way it shows that Wilde's martyrdom has finally affected the conscience of humanity.

End of the Road

It is hard to imagine a more beautiful movie than *Alice's Restaurant*. Or a sadder one. Anyone who remembers Arlo Guthrie's rambling, hilarious talking-blues record of a couple of seasons back will probably be surprised by this movie version. All the favorite, funny episodes are still there: the garbage dumping after Thanksgiving dinner, the cops investigating "the scene of the crime" and taking "twenty-seven 8-by-10, colored glossy photographs with circles and arrows," and the Army induction with its "injections, inspections, detections, neglects." But Director Arthur Penn (*Bonnie and Clyde*) has woven these episodes of laughter into a more sober framework. He has transformed a charming shaggy-dog story into a melancholy epitaph for an entire era.

Restaurant's plot follows the easy, an-

ecdotal style of the song but sharpens and widens its focus. Arlo (playing himself) is seen singing for his supper of gaseous French pastries at a Greenwich Village coffeehouse and trying to cope with a groupie who announces: "I wanna make it with you 'cause you'll probably get to be an album." By using such figures as Arlo's father Woody and Folk Singer Pete Seeger, Penn establishes a historical continuum. "Seems like Woody's road mighta run through here some time," Arlo says as he lights out to visit his buddies Ray and Alice Brock in Stockbridge, Mass.

That is where Woody's road ends, in front of an old church that Ray (James Broderick) and Alice (Pat Quinn) have converted into a communal dorm for wandering kids. Life seems just about



HARRISON & BURTON IN "STAIRCASE"
A bad marriage that works.

male pseudo-female impersonation act. It is to the credit of all concerned that *Staircase* is nothing of the sort. The foremost of the film's quiet, unobtrusive virtues is that it never caricatures or sneers or casts its two deviates outside the circle of the human family.

Essentially, *Staircase* is a kind of bickering domestic comedy. It could just as well have been about a pair of maiden aunts or bachelor brothers who in some 30 years have become fussily attuned to each other's quirky habit patterns. Charlie (Rex Harrison) is a peacock with a peckish tongue. Harry (Richard Burton) is a broody, sentimental mother hen with a semi-articulate cluck. Both men have auditioned for life and failed. Running a barbershop in a moldering district of London, they are each other's consolation prize. No hint of lust knits them together, only a saturating fear of loneliness. A special terror is to be aged and alone, and this is made chillingly vivid by Harry's bedridden moth-



GUTHRIE (RIGHT) IN "ALICE"
Epitaph for an era.

perfect—or "together," as the kids say—but Penn sees destruction all around. Ray and Alice, playing foster parents, bitch away at each other in rivalry for the affections of a reformed junkie named Shelly (Michael McClanatha). Woody lies dying in a Brooklyn hospital of Huntington's chorea, a hereditary affliction of the nervous system that Arlo may not escape. When Woody and Shelly die, there is a funeral of lingering sadness that symbolizes the passing of the whole way of life.

What follows is diminishing. Ray and Alice remarry and, in a wedding ceremony of empty celebration, realize that the dream is finally and forever dead. In the film's shattering last scene, Alice stands alone on the church steps, her bridal veil blowing in the winter wind as Arlo's voice is heard on the sound track quietly singing the song's refrain: "You can get anything you want / At Alice's Restaurant / 'Ceptin' Alice..."

Penn knows that the humor of a few

of the scenes does not contradict, but rather deepens, the tragedy of the whole. As in *Bonnie and Clyde*, laughter is a kind of ironic counterpoint. The actors, many of them nonprofessionals who perform with repertory-company precision, are constantly framed against autumnal and winter landscapes that give the whole story an aura of aching desolation. Despite a few false steps (like a love scene between Alice and Shelly played with a garage air hose), *Alice's Restaurant* is one of the best and most perceptive films about young people ever made in the U.S. It is, as they themselves would say, very much together.

Where Black Is Too Beautiful

"I want a continuity of beautiful pictures and beautiful movement," insisted Photographer Gordon Parks about his first feature film, *The Learning Tree*. "I try to start each scene with a beautiful still photo and end each scene with a beautiful still photo." Indeed, there are many images of startling beauty in Parks' film, like the dappled summer light shining through the trees on a country lane. *The Learning Tree's* major problem is not with pictures but with people.

Adapting his own 1963 autobiographical novel about growing up as a black boy in the Kansas of the 1920s, Parks recalls the characters of his childhood as the sort of stereotypes that usually appear in elementary-school brotherhood pageants. Dad (Felix P. Nelson) is slow-witted, humble and loving and Mom (Estelle Evans) is a gentle, worldly-wise philosopher who works as a domestic. Newt (Kyle Johnson) is about as likely an adolescent hero as Andy Hardy, waking Mom up in the middle of the night and listening wide-eyed as she dispenses such homespun homilies as "This town ain't all a good place and it ain't all a bad place. It's like the fruit on a tree—some's good, some's bad."

The original novel was a reminiscence, not a protest, a souvenir of a simpler time when a quiet bitterness was as good as a riot and the most drastic sort of racial demonstration was trying to buy a Coke at the drugstore soda fountain. Parks is not yet sufficiently sophisticated as a dramatist to make such an unquestioning life completely credible to a contemporary audience. To be sure, there is one angry, rebellious black youth who stalks the community giving the sweaty white lawmen a mean time, but he is portrayed as a vicious psychotic who can easily be vanquished by Newt's storybook morality and radiant goodness.

Parks' meticulous photographic direction (executed by an excellent cameraman, Burnett Guffey, who shot *Bonnie and Clyde*) only seems to underscore all these melodramatics, lending every character and scene an extra edge of unreality. His shimmering imagery creates a world of benign memory but imperfect drama, in which black is just too beautiful.

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BOOKS

Perils of Pluralism

THE END OF LIBERALISM by Theodore J. Lowi. 322 pages. Norton. \$6.95.

With almost obsessive regularity, both radical right and radical left denounce the Liberal Establishment as Public Enemy No. 1. Too bad they are wasting so much time on a paper tiger, asserts Theodore Lowi, a liberal professor of political science at the University of Chicago. No such establishment exists, except on paper, and for that matter, not much is left of liberalism.

Lowi's is only the latest assault on liberalism from the left side of the political spectrum. The favorite thesis, suggested by Christopher Lasch (*The Agony*

the Interior Department gave timber interests more incentive to exercise sway over government. The Army Corps of Engineers responded to the demands of local developers. Direct federal control, so widely asserted in theory, became more and more attenuated in practice.

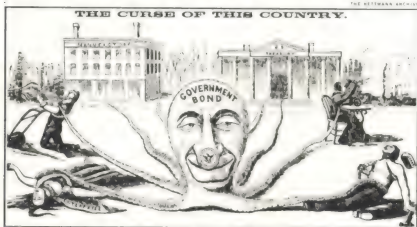
Why did liberals in government abdicate their power to this extent? Partly out of natural attrition. They had to share power and influence because of the democratic process; some agreement had to be established with the private groups to be affected by federal policies. But beyond that, Lowi says, liberals have been the prisoners of a pluralistic theory that has become almost an article of faith in the U.S.: the belief that out of the clash of special inter-

creation of liberal thought, the Federal Housing Administration, also came under the control of real estate interests that made mortgages available to whites escaping to the suburbs but not to the poor in the cities. Thus a federal policy, conceived and supported by liberals, contributed to what Lowi bluntly calls *apartheid* in the U.S.

Many liberals, says Lowi, do not seem to have learned from experience. In company with conservatives, they are now making community control of projects the fashionable panacea and are busy trying to take even more power from the inefficient central government. In the process, they are simply encouraging further control by vested interests whose primary concern is to perpetuate themselves. Lyndon Johnson's ill-fated poverty program, Lowi thinks, is the worst example. It invites assorted untested private organizations to compete for federal funds and then spend them with scant guidelines. The result: confusion, dissipation and corruption.

Declining Standards. This steady erosion of federal power, in conjunction with the general belief that the Federal Government has license to control everything, thinks Lowi, is one of the main causes of the dramatic loss of public confidence in government itself. It explains why some of the people who stand to gain most from government—the minorities, the poor, the aged—are among the most hostile to it. The people, writes Lowi, want more than just a "piece of the action." They want justice. They want standards they can live up to—or at least try to. Democracy reaches its lowest ebb when government tries to create consensus by buying people off, as, for example, many programs have quietly tried to buy off black militants in order to keep them quiet. Marx felt that man first became alienated from his work when he was paid for it; Lowi feels that Americans have become alienated from their government for much the same reason: it tries to buy their allegiance.

Wary of political pragmatism, Lowi prescribes a return to idealism. That idealism is at times Procrustean and not easy to put into practice, but all of it is refreshing to hear. His program calls not for less central government but for more—and this time with teeth. He would establish a senior civil service group, for example, composed of generalists with ties to no single agency, who would be responsible for providing a "proper centralization of a democratic administrative process." Sloppily written laws, he feels, have been much to blame for the failure of government. Accordingly, he would strengthen congressional control over federal programs by putting a five- to ten-year limit on all organic acts of legislation. Congress would then be free to overhaul or eliminate programs that do not turn out as they were intended. He would end *de facto* apartheid in congested areas by breaking down the artificial distinction between cities and sub-



GOVERNMENT OCTOPUS AT WORK (1878)
Gap between aims and achievement.

of the American Left) and Noam Chomsky (*American Power and the New Mandarins*), is that liberals sold out their principles once they came to power. Lowi's theory is quite different. He argues that liberalism, which in theory has dominated Government policy for decades, has not really been put into practice.

Rise of the Interests. When the New Deal was launched in 1933, a new age of liberalism seemed about to be born. After long years of struggle with private interests, liberals in favor of big government* were now in control. In their hands, government swelled enormously and impinged on individual lives as never before. But things were not as they seemed, says Lowi. Rather than effectively applying federal power, the liberals were paradoxically parceling it out to a variety of special interests—some old, some new and better organized. It was not the Federal Government but blocs of farmers who in reality determined the policies of the Agriculture Department. Broadening the powers of

est groups emerges the common interest. This pluralism has been cast in various disguises. It has been called countervailing power, creative federalism, partnership and participatory democracy, though this last phrase has also been appropriated by the New Left as a call for a politics of direct action. By whatever name, writes Lowi, pluralism results in something uncomfortably like Mussolini's corporate state: a congeries of largely unassailable, irresponsible special interests, armed with governmental power, that set national policy.

The gap between liberal aims and achievement has inevitably widened. A most instructive (and destructive) example, according to Lowi, is urban renewal, one of the most important domestic programs of the last quarter-century. Intended to create a renaissance of urban life, it was warmly supported by liberals. Yet it quickly fell into the hands of profit-minded developers and inadequate local authorities who turned urban renewal into the bad joke often referred to as "Negro removal." Public funds were used to demolish black homes and herd the residents in ever greater numbers into ghettos. Another

* As opposed to 19th century liberals, who believed in *laissez faire*.

urbs. A study of Chicago convinced him that Negroes could be redistributed by bus throughout city and suburban schools until they constituted about 15% of the student body in each. This, Lowi feels, would achieve integration not only of education but of housing as well, for homeowners would be far less likely to move from racially mixed areas if the percentage of Negroes in the schools were everywhere the same.

In his zeal to point out liberal shortcomings, Lowi may blame liberalism for failures due to the largeness of the state and its duties, human folly in general, human greed in particular. But his book is a useful and often fascinating corrective to much current theorizing about liberalism, government and decentralization. There is considerable evidence, moreover, that many Americans, growing as generally outraged about the state of the nation as Ralph Nader specifically was about the quality of U.S. automobiles, are willing to take stern measures to be sure that the machinery of government is well made and well run.

Love Among the Ruins

THE DORP by Frieda Arkin. 360 pages. Dial. \$6.95.

Frieda Arkin has found a real, snug little place for herself in northern New York State, name of Kuyper's Dorp. Halfway between the Adirondacks and the Catskills. Or—if you prefer to chart it on another map—halfway between the delicate perceptions of *Our Town* and the guff of *Peyton Place*.

Up to now a craftswomanly short story writer, Miss Arkin in this book has not so much composed a novel as arranged a tableau, then methodically violated it with sudden disasters. Give Miss Arkin a road and she'll give you an accident. Give her a decent storm and she'll burn at least one house down. Give her a lovable set of old bones and bingo, she'll supply a fatal disease and buy the funeral.

There is no design to *The Dorp*, no misguided attempt to unify it around a central character or theme. It all flaps as loosely (and engagingly) as the gossip columns of a small-town newspaper. The author obediently follows the ancient code of the village novelist. Her spinsters come in only two styles: dotty or drunk. Her clergyman predictably wrestles with doubt. The young girls are either up-tight virgins or "fast." Most of the time the novel seems to take place—and to be written—around the turn of the century.

"What was the village doing at such an hour?" Miss Arkin likes to ask herself periodically. Well, Country Editor J. C. Barrows could be playing chess as usual. Old Helen Trombley, the town hypochondriac, could be counting her twinges to old Vebber Stevens at the pig farm. Elizabeth Rust, who truly loves her husband, might be making love to Jimmy Clancy at

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the motel. Down by the quarry, Kenneth Borgstrom, a schoolboy, might be making love to Eunice Dewsnap, a nurse. And Tony DiLuzio, teen-age Lothario, might be making love to just about anybody just about anywhere.

It isn't *Winesburg, Ohio*. Rather it is soap opera, a sort of superserial in which the lovable characters are sometimes handled with such consummate affection by the author, with such descriptive refinement of feeling that it approaches art. Of course, there are those organ-tone poems about the seasons. Characters inexplicably appear and just as inexplicably disappear. Chapter after chapter goes absolutely nowhere. But the reader gets hooked nevertheless.

The Morning After

A PLACE IN THE COUNTRY by Sarah Gainham. 371 pages. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. \$6.95.

Two years ago, an unheralded novel called *Night Falls on the City* became a surprise bestseller in England and America. The city was Vienna during its long eclipse from the Anschluss to the Russian occupation in 1945. The book's scenes shifted with enough suspense to satisfy Dickens himself; its characters were successful artists, intellectuals, politicians. Yet much of the novel's appeal came from Sarah Gainham's portrait of the city itself and a settled, civilized society slowly being corrupted, within and without, by the poisonous fear and protective selfishness unleashed by the Nazi presence.

Night Falls on the City, it turns out, was the first part of an intended trilogy. Gainham's new book covers the postwar years until 1951. This time, unfortunately, she has broken the narrative rules she seemed to have mastered in the first book. She picks up two of her best characters, Actress Julia Homburg

and Newspaper Editor Georg Kerenyi. But as if no longer trusting them to carry the story, she has invented a tepid narrator, a British security officer named Robert Inglis, and laid on a mystery-writer's plot that turns out to be a fictional version of Donald Maclean's 1951 flight to Russia.

Early in the book, Inglis witnesses enough questionable behavior in a colleague to warrant an urgent report. Instead, by vacillating and torturing his conscience, he manages to avoid any action until after page 300. "You're so bloody subtle, Robert," grumbles another character. But Robert, for all his interlocking scruples, is like one of Jane Austen's sensibility-struck young girls, finally a figure of fun.

Though her picture is on the jacket, Sarah Gainham follows the vogue for pen names. She is really Rachel Ames, a successful mystery writer and the wife of an American journalist based in Central Europe. In the first volume of her trilogy she graduated from the rigors of a hackneyed suspense plot; for the moment she has regressed. The third volume will flash back to Julia Homburg's early career in Vienna's Burgtheater, a more likely subject than cold war soul-searching for the novel of manners the author does best.

The Tyrant of Coogan's Bluff

THE DAYS OF MR. MCGRAW by Joseph Durso. 243 pages. Prentice-Hall. \$7.95.

When the alltime, all-star baseball team was recently chosen to mark the game's 100th anniversary, the man named history's foremost manager was John Joseph McGraw. His selection was virtually incontestable. More than any other man McGraw transformed baseball from a rustic game of stark individual power into a scrambling contest of split-second team prowess.

In 1891, McGraw arrived in Baltimore to play the infield for the old Orioles. He was small (5 ft. 6½ in.), young (18), and a country boy from upstate New York. At that time, the basis of baseball strategy was simply to hit the ball as far as possible. Young McGraw was brash enough and bright enough to see that the game should be infinitely more complex than that, and soon he was all but running the team. By 1894, Oriole baseball flourished as "a combination of hostility, imagination, speed and piracy."

McGraw perfected what is now a commonplace baseball device: the cut-off throw, whereby an infielder checks the throw from the outfield if a runner has already scored and there is a chance that another base runner may be cut down. He raised to an art the hit-and-run play, in which the runner breaks for the next base as the pitch is thrown, while the batter tries to confound the defense by hitting the ball just behind him. In short, he helped make baseball a chess game based on probabilities; its



CONNIE MACK & MCGRAW (1933)
Diamond on the diamond.

rowdy practitioners he molded into skilled but highly disciplined pawns.

The New York Giants bought McGraw's genius in 1902 and made him player-manager. On and off the field, his style perfectly suited the abrasive, autocratic temper of the times. The lions of Broadway and Tammany Hall loved the feisty little manager. He drank at The Lambs club with George M. Cohan, and eventually became one of Mayor Jimmy Walker's favorite cronies.

Other teams, many baseball officials, even some of his own players, hated him. He once threw a baseball at an umpire; playing third base, he did not scruple to hold the belt of an opposing runner tagging up to score after a fly. But his awesome command of baseball strategy led the Giants to ten National League pennants and three world championships.

By the early '20s, though, the city that had worshiped him began to shift its fealty to the forerunner of today's independent, iconoclastic superstar: the Yankees' Babe Ruth. McGraw became increasingly irascible and began to lose the iron grip he had always held on his players. Finally, in 1932, he turned over the Giants' reins to one of his own rebels with whom he had fought so bitterly, First Baseman Billy Terry. He died two years later.

Veteran New York Times Reporter Joseph Durso has written a literate book full of the deeds and diamond-in-the-rough doings of his hero. Sometimes he threatens to drown the baseball legend in cultural asides and long swatches of Americana. McGraw himself, however, proves a hard man to put down.



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